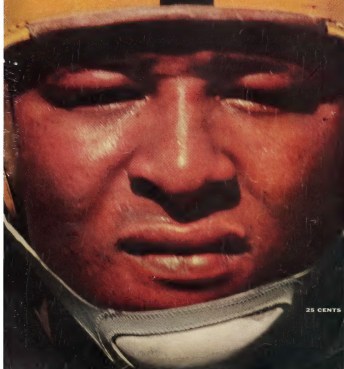


VOL. 1 NO. 7

SEPTEMBER 27, 1954

SPORTS

ILLUSTRATED



25 CENTS



Timely New Color: It's the **DOBBS**
Black Forest



The clockmakers of the Black Forest are known for craftsmanship just as Dobbs is famous for skill in making fine hats. For example, the Dobbs Black Forest again demonstrates

Dobbs style leadership. New in every detail including narrower brim, back bow. And, the exclusive deep green of the Black Forest will be a smart complement for your entire

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DOBBS HATS, New York's Leading Hatter, Park Ave. at The Waldorf, N. Y. 17, N. Y.



All the world admires

BROWNING

Superposed Shotgun
Grade II

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RUGGED as the Rockies

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Carved solid steel designed by Browning; hand-fitted, hand-finished, hand-engraved. This affords dependability for the hand, and pleasure to the eye. The great practical advantage of smooth, finely fitted parts is worth the unusual manufacturing effort: wear is minimized, function is positive. Visit a Browning dealer. Examine Browning shotguns and pistols ... Be your own judge ...



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12 and 160 caliber, 9 mm

Available for the first time in U.S.A. Standard models also Renaissance Engraved models (illustrated above). May be purchased individually or in Three Pistol sets. Individual pistols and cases sets both come in specially lined carrying cases. Standard model prices from \$19.95 to \$74.50; case set \$44.00. Engraved models \$75 to \$200; case set \$100.

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The BROWNING AUTOMATIC Shotgun
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Balance, Power, and Auto-Efficiency. Straight sighting plane, round chamber, double extension. Five shot capacity. 12 models of different gauge, weight, barrel length, rib, and choke. All guns hand-fitted, hand-finished, hand-engraved. Prices, \$118.75 to \$175.

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Single selective trigger. Automatic ejection. Two instantly available chokes with a single sighting plane. Any combination of six sizes of choke. Trap, Short and Hunting models in grades I to V. All models hand-fitted, hand-finished, hand-engraved. \$126 to \$405. **NEW!** 12-gauge 1-inch Magnum Superposed model \$216. **NEW!** All Superposed models and grades available with 2 sets of barrels in hard luggage case \$415 to \$800.

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JIMMY JEMAIL

JIMMY JEMAIL'S

HOTBOX

The Question: **Does the horse player die broke?**

The Answers:



Mrs. D. HARRISON
BARRINGTON, H. I.
HORSEWIFE

"I know one who died broke. He committed suicide when he lost all his money. Some he lost in business and the rest on the horses.

The day before he died, he gave my husband \$50 and asked him to place it on a certain horse. He and the horse lost on the same day."



TOMMIE SEALE
NEW YORK CITY
RESTAURATEUR

"Not always. Horse players are a happy lot. They own Cadillac cars and ride subway the next. When they lose, they always come up with fresh money. One parlayed \$2 into \$4,000, then lost it on one race. 'How did you do?' asked his wife. 'How the devil,' he replied."



TRACY SMELTER
GREENWICH, CONN.
SALES MANAGER

"Yes. The Chinese know that. They are the greatest gamblers in the world. They will bet on anything except a horse race.

That's because of an ancient bit of Oriental wisdom. Confucius said: 'It was proven a long time ago that one horse can run faster than another.'"



Mrs. BEA SMITH
DEARBORN, MICH.
HORSEWIFE

"Not always. The infamous Chicago O'Brien died with a million. We came into this world with nothing. And we'll leave with nothing. There's no greater thrill than having a bet on a horse and cheering him in. Horse players live a wonderful life. Miami or California in winter, Saratoga in summer."



ROBERT G. JOHNSON
CHICAGO, ILL.
RACETRACK PRESIDENT

"The legend is nonsense. The serious horse players accumulate a lot of money. A flock of them have the game horses, but

they work at it. They know breeding and records and they study farm sheets. At the trotters, farm mounds up 40% a year after year."



Miss PEGGY CROW
WESTPORT, CONN.
HORSEWIFE

"There are four types of horse players. The first runs and bets his own horses. The second bets for fun. The third waits for a spot

to bet. If he loses, he won't bet to get even. He waits for another spot. The fourth is the gambler who bets horses like blackjack. He dies broke."



JAMES D. SEWELLMAN
CHICAGO, ILL.
ADVERTISING

"Definitely. Some years ago, two brothers each earned \$25,000 a year. One took bets and the other played the horses. The brother who took bets left an estate of \$250,000. His brother died broke. Jimmy Thompson of the old Little Club took up a collection to bury him."



COL. JACK J. AMIEL
PARIS, KY.
REALTOR

"Not the true horse player. He knows and loves horses. Sometimes he breeds and runs them. He'll bet, but only on his knowledge of horseflesh. With him it's a sport, not a gamble. I'm that kind of horse player. I was lucky to have owned a great horse, Count Turf, who won the Kentucky Derby."



MICHELLE CONNOR
HOUSTON, TEXAS
HOUSTON

"That depends. I know horse players who go to the tracks once or twice a week. They love horse racing as a sport and the thrill of winning an occasional bet. They bet with common sense. The horse player who dies broke is the guy who bets horses as he would a roulette wheel."

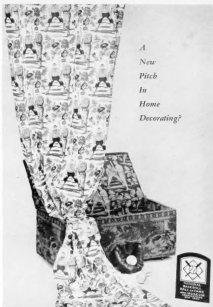


JAMES J. ANDREWS
NEW YORK CITY
MORTICIAN

"You can't beat the races. That's why bookies stay in business. I'll tell you a true story. In 1926 an old bookie, Frank Flannery, buried one of his horse players who died broke. In his casket Frank placed a package of Franche tobacco, a corncob pipe, a pint of whiskey and a racing form."



"That was your driver's home. Several Security cards and a five dollar bill you just lost up."



A
New
Pitch
In
Home
Decorating?

"STRIKE ONE"

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From Baseball's "Hall of Fame," Cooperstown, N. Y.

Only by Schumacher's . . . an authentic reproduction of a fabric document from the National Baseball "Hall of Fame" at Historic Cooperstown.

The original of this delightful "Strike One" pattern was discovered circa 1870, of all places, lining the traveling trunk of a still anonymous, undoubtedly be-moustached, slugger. The fine rendition in a variety of vibrant color combinations make it a sure hit in any decor calling for a sports motif.

"Quality is a Schumacher's Tradition"

F. SCHUMACHER & COMPANY, 60 West 48th Street, New York 18, N. Y.
FABRICS • CARPETS • WALLPAPERS

PAT ON THE BACK

Herewith a salute from the editors to men and women of all ages who have fairly earned the good opinion of the world of sport, regardless of whether they have yet earned its tallest headlines



LEE HAWYER, 41, St. Louis electrical contractor, tried unsuccessfully in 1932 and 1943 to break the speedboat record between New Orleans and his home town. Breakdowns halted him each time. This year in a craft called *Rackblerry Piss*, he made it. His time of 56 hours 56 minutes for the long trek beat the old mark by four hours 26 minutes.



MARY JANE HAGLAN (above) and **HOWIE WIELAND** give the Raybestos brake-hoist giant at Stamford, Conn., one of the country's best industrial softball pitching combinations. Both the Raybestos Brakettes and Cardinals won New England softball titles this year. Eighteen-year-old Mary Jane pitched 16 shutouts for the Brakettes, including three no-hit games. Howie, 24, has already pitched 11 no-hitters, nine of them in a row, and eight one-hitters, with the Cardinals' season not quite over.



SHELLEY MANN at 16 has broken more records than most star swimmers hold in a lifetime. Blonde, brown-eyed Shelley has smashed three world and five American marks in backstroke, butterfly and medley events. A senior at Washington and Lee High School, Arlington, Va., she does her record breaking for Washington's Walter Reed Swim Club, is almost certain to be chosen on the 1956 Olympic team.



Countess Mara

PRESENTS HER FIRST FALL SHOWING
OF EXCLUSIVE ITALIAN SILKS



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Perfume-size Flagon \$6.00

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All Federal and Local Tax when ordering.

MEMO FROM THE PUBLISHER

USUALLY when dad takes his kid to the ball game, it's a holiday occasion, garnished with a death-defying sequence of peanuts, cracker jack, hot dogs and soda pop. The old man may even indulge temporarily in the paternal prerogative of explaining the game, until a high-pitched counterbarrage of facts and figures straightens him out on who's in charge here.

But when SI Photographer Hy Peskin goes to the park, it's usually on an assignment; and

ing Larry Doby making it to third on a head-first slide.

Evan has been covering stories with his father for five years. He broke into LIFE about a year ago with a shot of Junior Gilliam, followed a week later with one of a rearing Native Dancer, and for good measure came up about the same time with a cover on *This Week*.

When he's on the job, his slightly unprofessional appearance is against him. After his last



ANDY GREEN THROWS IN YANK



SECONDS AFTER THOMPSON'S GRAND SLAMMED BOMB IN YANK

when his son Evan comes along, it's with a camera and a set of shooting orders from dad. Young Evan has been known to gobble a quick hot dog between innings, and he leans toward the Dodgers, a partiality which he somewhat equalizes by wearing a Giant cap around the house. But inside the park, he's all business.



HY AND EVAN PESKIN

How well he has learned the business, his pictures say for themselves. The two shown here, which appeared in "Spectacle" in our September 13th issue, came out of his trips to Yankee Stadium and the Polo Grounds over the Labor Day weekend. In last week's issue young Evan had two more pictures which you may remember show-

ing Yankee Stadium game Evan scrambled to the hood of an immaculate convertible to get pictures of players being mobbed as they left the clubhouse. A policeman shouted, "Hey, get off there! That's somebody's car." "It's mine," returned Evan, with a true news photographer's coolness.

SI has already hailed some pretty precocious talent, like Tennis Player Earl Buckholz Jr., 13; Driver Marion Park, 14; Trapshooters Vern Grimsley and John Lilly, 13; and Outboard Racer Tommy Makinen, 8, and will doubtless have good reason to honor many more of the younger set in all the weeks and years to come. I imagine a sense of the fitness of things would prevent our editors from saluting the young man whose pictures they used. But perhaps it is not out of place if I offer my own "pat on the back" to 11-year-old sports photographer Evan Peskin.

Harry R. ...

SPORTS

ILLUSTRATED

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COVER: *Calvin Jones, Iowa Guard*

Photograph by MARK KAUFFMAN

There's a man waiting in line to crack the skulls of the Notre Dame backfield shown in color on page 17 to 19, and the keystone in it is a six-foot, 210-pound guard named Calvin Jones. A star player on one of Herman Hickman's eleven eleven, he symbolizes the rugged spirit of the line as the season gets underway.

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JOHN STEINBECK

A distinguished novelist who has made a study of fishermen reflects on angling in Europe and the U.S.

CORNELIA OTIS SKINNER

A sportsman's wife with a noted wit looks back on years and tears of following a fiddle on his rounds

JAMES FARRELL

The master of Studio City again recalls the unforgettable moment of his first World Series

... AND HERMAN HICKMAN LOOKS AT SOUTHERN FOOTBALL

THE WORLD SERIES IS

At one o'clock A.M., past Wednesday afternoon, millions of Americans will fall, as one, into a state of amorphousness as profound, in many cases, as to be broken only by flood, fire, earthquake—or a burst-out electrical fuse. Millions of parked cars will speak loudly to gathering hordes of people in dusty Western wheat towns and shaded Southern villages. Nothing—and even

a Presidential election—grips the U.S. people in quite the same fashion as the World Series. It is a herald of the higher advent of autumn, an excuse for other people, a source of blarney, something but delightfully harmless headlines. It raises wondrous ghosts—Tinker, Evers and Chance, Hank Wagner, Christy Mathewson (who can remember how they looked?) and Babe Ruth (oh,

CLEVELAND PROUDLY PRESENTS:

By GORDON COBBLEDECK

THOSE INDIANS—Casey Stengel watched unhappily as the Cleveland Indians stumbled through a pre-game warm-up at the Yankee Stadium on an early September afternoon. The Indians were leading Stengel's Yankees, World's Champions for five successive years, by five and a half games and time was running out.

Suddenly Casey leaped to his feet and addressed the daunted audience of reporters, spreading his hands in frustration.

"How in hell," he shouted, "does Lopez do it with an infield like that?"

It was a good question, and not original with Stengel. Other managers and players, tiring monotonously to the Indians, had been asking it for four months and finding no satisfactory answer.

At first base was Vic Wertz, a recently converted outfielder who hadn't been good enough for the hapless Baltimore Orioles. At second was the stocky little Mexican, Roberto Avila, a solid hitter but only a fair fielder. At shortstop was Sam Dente, a 32-year-old cutoff from the Red Sox, Browns, Senators and White Sox, whom the Indians had rescued from the minors. At third was Al Rosen, nursing a fractured index finger on his right hand and fighting a slump brought on by the injury.

Behind them were Bill Glynn, light-hitting first baseman who was employed as a defensive replacement for Wertz when the Indians were defending a slender lead in the late innings, which was nearly every day; Heine Majors, a 37-year-old veteran who had been kicking around the major leagues since 1929; and George Strickland, the regular shortstop, who was wasting away under a mild dist necessitated by a double jaw fracture sustained in July.

"I guess," mused Stengel as he staided to the bench, "with pitching like those fellows got, the infield don't get too many tough chances."

It was an nearly complete one-sentence size-up of the Indians as has been made. Because they are blessed with pitching the like of which, for strength and depth, hasn't been seen since the rabbit feet became an important ingredient of the official league ball, they have broken the Yankees' long reign as kings and now are aiming at an all-time American League record for victories.

The 1927 Yankees, commonly regarded as the mightiest ball club ever assembled, won 116 games, largely through brute power. Collectively they batted .307. Lou Gehrig hit .373, Babe Ruth and Earl Combs .309, Bob Meusel .317 and Tony Lazzari .309. Ruth hit 60 home runs, Gehrig 47.

The Indians are challenging their record with one assured .306 hitter, Avila, and one other, Rosen, who went into the season's

Text continued on page 62



MANAGERIAL ANTAGONISTS Lopez and Durocher—respectively prototypes of the easy-going and the driving

A WONDERFUL MOMENT

who can forget?). And it alternates with high drama those eternal American folk figures, the pitcher and the batter.

What millions from the American past are not wrapped up in the man on the mound, as he stands, stolid, running, contemplation-bound on the brink of awful ridicule—awaiting the catcher's sign. He is rifleman, cardsharp, horse trader all wrapped

up in one. Sometimes he is Dorey at Manila Bay, as well, and sometimes he is the farmer who lost his money to a dip at the county fair. And the man with the bat who faces him? Why none other than Highly Casey, of course. As it listens to the oft-told tale of their adventures, next week, the U.S., as always, will be able to like itself a little better.

—Paul O'Neil

NEW YORK PROUDLY PRESENTS:

by ROGER HAHN



manager—not in prophetic picture last spring. Giants, incidentally, won 43 of 51 pennant games with Indians.

THOSE GIANTS—In the spring, when New York's Giants were ending a series of 21 exhibition games with the Cleveland Indians, someone asked Al Lopez to sum up the Giants' pennant chances.

"They have a good eight men," the Cleveland manager said quickly. "A real good eight men."

"And the pitching?" Lopez was pressed.

"They have a real good eight men," he repeated.

A few days ago when the Giants were about to clinch the National League pennant, Gary Schumacher, an outside man who works in the Giant front office but speaks with a Brooklyn accent, was asked to sum up the reasons why his team had won.

"The pitchin'," he said. "It was consistently brilliant. In 56 games the other clubs got two runs or fewer. That's the basic strength."

Last spring Lopez's opinion was sound. In fact, it was shared by every baseball man who watched the Giants and Manager Leo Durocher launch what sportswriters liked to call "the year of armament" for the dreary fifth-place finish in 1953. This fall, Schumacher's statement is irrefutable. Pitching is the Giants' basic strength; but unpredictability is the Giants' basic characteristic.

First, of course, there is Willie Mays, the wondrous boy of 28 who plays centerfield as no Giant ever played it before him. Willie is alive and bubbling and in love with baseball. He catches "doubles" in stride; strains a little catching "triples." While Willie is not yet ready for baseball's Hall of Fame, he is surely the best defensive centerfielder in the game.

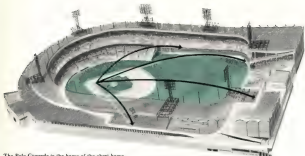
For half a season Willie hit home runs at one of the fastest clips in history. Then he stopped hitting homers, but his batting average climbed to over .340. No one, least of all Willie, knows how or where Willie Mays is going to hit.

But from the start everyone, most of all the Giant pitchers, knew that Mays would catch everything catchable. "It's gonna be easy with him out there," said Merv Grismom, a 34-year-old pitcher who possessed no great distinction when he first saw Mays last spring. "All you got to do is make 'em hit the ball in the park. Willie will catch it anywhere." Then Grismom, helped equally by a newly developed screwball and by suddenly strong defense, became an outstanding relief pitcher.

Where Mays, returned to the Giants last March after two years in the Army, has been the sensation, Johnny Antonelli, a tall, serious young left-handed pitcher, has been the quiet hero. The Giants acquired Antonelli from the Milwaukee Braves in a winter trade for Outfielder Robby Thomson.

Text continued on page 42

THE POLO GROUNDS



The Polo Grounds is the home of the short home run, the long, long out and the biggest crowds in the National League. Record is 66,747, jammed in for a Dodge-Giant double-header in 1937

DRAWING BY MATT GREENE

HISTORY and tradition are as much a part of the décor of the Polo Grounds as the bases. After the first two games of the World Series are played there on next Wednesday and Thursday, the famous old home park of the New York Giants will be tied with the Yankee Stadium as the scene of the most World Series games: 47. If the teams return for a sixth game on Monday, Oct. 4, the Polo Grounds will stand alone, wallowing in record-shot antiquity.

This great, green, legend-encrusted stadium stands on a low, flat stretch of land squeezed between a high cliff called Coogan's Bluff and the Harlem River in the narrow, northern neck of Manhattan Island five miles north of midtown New York.

EVER SINCE 1891

The Giants have played big-league baseball there since 1891, the year after they moved uptown from the polo field they once called home. The name "Polo Grounds" went with them, and stayed. When the present park was opened in August 1911 after the old wooden stands had burned down, an attempt was made to call it Bush Stadium after the Giants' president. The attempt was short-lived; tradition prevailed.

The Polo Grounds was John McGraw's field, and Christy Mathewson's.

The struggling New York Yankees used it as a home field from 1913 until they grew rich and built Yankee Stadium in 1923. Hans Wagner and Ty Cobb played there. Babe Ruth hit the first home run of his career in the Polo Grounds. Ray Chapman of the Indians was killed by a pitched ball there in 1920. The two most famous play-off games in baseball history were played in the Polo Grounds: the one between the Cubs and Giants in 1905, and the one in which Bobby Thomson hit his famous homer in 1951.

LIKE A BATHTUB

The Polo Grounds is shaped like a huge old-fashioned bathtub, narrow, high and long. The distance along the foul lines to the high walls of the tub is the shortest in the major leagues. But the outfield walls angle shallowly away from the foul lines and quickly change from the closest in the majors to the most distant: 483 feet at the farthest point of the 66-foot-wide runway that divides the bleachers and extends under the centerfield clubhouse.

The distant clubhouse is obviously inconvenient for the player, but for the fan it is wonderful, particularly when a pitcher is knocked from the box. Thus abruptly removed, a pitcher can't duck off the field to a handy subterranean shower. Instead he must trudge out across the endless outfield,

head down and all alone, a curiously touching and unforgettable sight.

The best way to get to the Polo Grounds from midtown is by subway, which takes 20 minutes and costs 15¢. Taxi is more comfortable but takes longer and costs more than \$2. Buses take longer than taxis. Best way to drive is via the Harlem River Drive. Box seats for the Series cost \$10.50; reserved seats \$7.35, bleachers \$2.10, standing room, \$4.20.

World Series visitors to New York can watch Columbia play Princeton on Saturday, see a play or a film, visit a night club, museum, restaurant or art gallery, or take advantage of the autumn air to enjoy the other "must-see-before-1-die" sights of New York.

SERIES STATISTICS

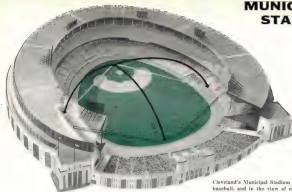
THE TAKE: Richest series ever, if it runs seven games, may draw \$2,000,000 from 465,000 fans and another \$1,375,000 for exclusive radio-TV rights from Gillette Safety Razor Co.

THE SPLIT: after teams Indians and Giants, players and owners, \$1,545,000. Commissioner's office, \$400,000; League offices, \$815,000; other first division players, \$225,000.

PLAYER SHARES: winners, about \$2,000, and losers about \$7,000 apiece, depending on appointment player themselves vote.

THE INTAKE: Concessionaires will serve up roughly 300,000 hot dogs, 75,000 bags of peanuts and 200,000 beers.

MUNICIPAL STADIUM



Cleveland's Municipal Stadium is the biggest in baseball, and in the view of many players has the best playing surface. Close to the center of downtown Cleveland, it is relatively easy to reach.

THE FANS of Cleveland are immensely proud of Municipal Stadium, where the third, fourth and fifth games of the World Series are due to be played on Friday, Saturday and Sunday (Oct. 1-3). A vast circular pile of buff brick on the shores of Lake Erie, it has a regular seating capacity of 74,000—the largest in baseball. With standing room, the stadium can accommodate more than 84,000.

For the Series, box seats will cost \$10 and reserved seats \$7. Bleacher tickets will sell at \$2 and standing room (with clear view) \$4.

The stadium was built by the city (for civic and athletic events) in 1928 and cost more than \$4,000,000. It became the Indians' home only in 1948.

VITAL AND VICTUAL

EYES & EARS. Some 650 sportspeople will turn out 300,000 words a day for about 125 million readers of 1,973 daily papers in the U.S. NBC-TV will show the series to an estimated 45 million more and Mutual radio network will broadcast the big story to another 61 million. Latin American stations, the Armed Forces network and Voice of America transmitters in such out-of-the-way places as the Island of Rhodes in the Mediterranean will take care of the rest of the world.

All told, more part of the series will be seen, heard or read about by 300 million people—roughly one-eighth of the population of the earth.

when Bill Veeck, an astute promoter who could see that Cleveland was a better baseball team than it appeared to be, acquired the club and moved the games from old League Park where capacity was only 27,000. One of the first things Veeck did on moving to the stadium was to install a five-foot wire fence in the outfield, with its center 410 feet from home plate. This was done in a praiseworthy attempt to furnish the fans with a few over-the-fence home runs.

Municipal Stadium is still not an easy home-run field, with its 320-foot distances along both foul lines and a prevailing north wind off the lake toward home plate. Only 123 have been hit there, by all teams, this season. But Clevelanders take satisfaction in pointing out that the turf of Municipal Stadium's symmetrical playing field is rated by many players the best in the big leagues for smoothness of surface and fast drainage. Cleveland's turf expert, Ernie Bonner, has often hired out as a consultant for other clubs, including the Yankees.

YOU'LL NEVER GET A TAXI

The lake-front layout is no more than half a mile from downtown hotels, and many visiting fans will choose to walk. Taxis, numerous enough on ordinary days, will be hard to come by during the Series. Smart motorists will

leave their cars in outlying parking lots and take buses to the games to avoid being trapped in the jam around the stadium.

One thing Cleveland is red-faced about: hotel accommodations are going to be inadequate for the mob of out-of-town fans—possibly as many as 40,000—who will pack into town. Slow to realize that the Indians were really going to win the pennant, after years of finishing second, hotelmen didn't lay plans soon enough.

THE PROSPECT OF HOTELS

Two weeks ago, after the Indians swept a Sunday double-header from the proud Yankees, the hotelmen gathered in hurried session to work over an impossible arithmetic problem—how to divide 40,000 into 3,500 hotel rooms, total in the city. The problem is complicated by the fact that a huge convention of iron and steel engineers, premeeting 3,200 rooms, will not end until the afternoon of the first game.

"If they were the Daughters of Pocahontas," said a worried Clevelander, "the engineers could be rushed out easily enough. But in Cleveland, where people fancy the rich, ripe smoke of blast furnaces, we don't boot iron and steel men."

Prospect: A lot of baseball fans will wind up in hotels and motels as far away as Akron and Toledo.



SCOUTING REPORTS

INDIANS' STARTING LINEUP

AL SMITH, 1B
Bats R, throws R

Outfielding: Starts him with fast ball, high and inside, but keeps ball up and gets confused on it. Then try change-up or curve low and away. Don't don't bother him. Low that ball is his strength. Hit him to left with power.



Fielding: Better moving to right than left. May stop from walls. Accurate arm.

Base-running: Very fast down line. Bad judgment on long flys.

B. AYALA, 2B
Bats R, throws R

Outfielding: Starts only at center; has no good swing. Try curve low and away but he may punch them to right. Pulls fast ball to left with power and his change-up hard. Fine batter, beats any time. Never throws him change-up.



Fielding: Plays hitless well, has speed, but weak coming up with ball, especially to his right. Runs HP.

Base-running: Fast down line, will steal, slides hard. Gambler for extra base.

L. BERRY, 3B
Bats L, throws R

Outfielding: Never throws him low fast ball over plate and never throws him change-up. Keep his ball high, may hit for high pitches. Terrible power in all fields. Don't don't bother him. Left-hander's outside curve may catch him.



Fielding: Good range, accurate arm with average power. Is best coming in the ball.

Base-running: Good speed to 1st. Doesn't steal but gets good jump on bases.

AL ROBBIN, 3B
Bats R, throws R

Outfielding: Good curve-ball hitter. Can overpower curve and pull it hard to left, also his curve drops to right. Start him with slider, down and away, then come in low and fast. Don't use cluster or waste pitch. Keep water pitcher low.



Fielding: Improved but not outstanding. Arm adequate, range fair. Blatting home, plays hitless well.

Base-running: Only fair speed but can get good jump. Doesn't gamble.

V. WERTS, 3B
Bats L, throws R

Outfielding: Pulls him with power, but can be fooled on. Start him fast, high and away, then curve him high inside. Watch on low change if you set him up with fast ball. Stick with high outside fast ball. He'll chase it out of strike zone.



Fielding: Can't move to his left and hits inside zone, or far him on right. Weak on drag, sacrifice bunts.

Base-running: Slow and knows it. Often removed for pinch runner.

D. PHILLEY, 3B
Bats L-R, throws R

Outfielding: Left-handed he has most power, but is not good curve-ball hitter and is bothered by change-up. Right-handed, his curve, change-up and low fast ball well. Keep fast ball high, inside or outside, with plenty on it.



Fielding: Gets good jump and fast good speed. Will fight fence for ball. Strong accurate arm.

Base-running: Good gambler, slides hard. Rough going into 1st.

G. STEWART, 3B
Bats R, throws R

Outfielding: Likes high fast ball and has home-run power on this pitch. Doesn't like fast ball down and in, or curve down. Don't shut him; a good competitor and may get caught after knockdown. Pull hitter; does not hunt, so play 1st baseman deep.



Fielding: Wide range either way, very strong arm. Alert slider, runs inside. Crammer base well on 1B.

Base-running: Solid arm will steal but tries for extra base. Not fast down line.

J. HIGAM, 3B
Bats R, throws R

Outfielding: Pulls away on swing and weak on low outside curve. Takes often but can hit long ball on fast one, both high and a little inside. Stick with curve and don't bother with change-ups. A straight pull hitter. Never bunts.



Fielding: Cuts pitcher well. Good on pop, bunts. Arm not strong but accurate. Gets rid of ball fast.

Base-running: Mediocre. Not much speed. Never a threat on base.

R. LEMON, 2B
Bats L, throws R

Outfielding: Throws. Pitcher side-arm, overhand and three-quarter. Has outstanding slider, quick curve, slower curve and slider. Fast ball only average but control tops and change speeds constantly. Does not blow-up. Bad news.



Fielding: Originally third baseman. Weak on bunts. Excellent covering 1st and backing up plays.

Outfielding: Puts him fast, high, away. Has home power on inside pitches.

E. WHEAT, 2B
Bats L-R, throws R

Outfielding: Has overpowering fast ball, good fast curve and good knuckle. Watch wind-up. Will throw from anywhere and delivers ball suddenly. Try to hit his slow curve and try to hit him early. He is rough when the count is full.



Fielding: Slow coming off mound at times, so bunts may pay off. Good covering 1st, backing up plays.

Outfielding: Curve him, but don't throw change-ups. A fair hitter.

M. GARCIA, 2B
Bats R, throws R

Outfielding: All overhand. Tries to overpower slider with high fast ball. His best pitch, but can move fast ball around. Not much control on curve. Sometimes bounces it. Tends to use in late innings. Walk him out; wait for curve.



Fielding: Often out of position after delivering ball, but it is hard to beat his high fast curve.

Outfielding: Occasional power but generally hits like a pitcher.

B. FELLER, 2B
Bats R, throws R

Outfielding: Has home curve-ball pitcher and is mean. First pitch usually curve or slider, and money pitch is fast curve. Still can throw fast ball but uses it on runners or on waste pitch. Will not tire, and does not catch.



Outfielding: Excellent in covering 1st and now is last coming off mound, so don't try bunting on him.

Outfielding: Has tried hard for years but still hits like a pitcher.

INDIANS' BENCH

W. WEISBERG, 3B
Bats R, throws R

Outfielding: Pull hitter and has Spray Hitter. Keep power. Likes high up ball down and slow fast ball. Curve him up. Likes to take low.

B. MITCHELL, 3B
Bats L, throws L

Outfielding: Good speed.

W. OLSON, 1B
Bats L, throws L

Outfielding: Will suit for Werts. Fields bunts well; good gloveman. Is a steady hitter.

A. HOUTERMAN, 2B
Bats R, throws R

Outfielding: Good hopping fast ball; good change-up; fair fast curve. Walk for slow curve.

M. NEWCOMER, 2B
Bats L, throws L

Outfielding: Great change-up. Lay off it. Likes to make 1st play a strike. Go for it.

B. HANSEN, 3B
Bats R, throws R

Outfielding: Big motion, throws hard. Control sometimes slips but keeps firing.

The scout is an unseen, unheralded but indispensable member of a baseball organization. Usually a former player, he writes detailed reports on the playing characteristics of his team's rivals and turns them over to his manager for tactical use. Here are reports on the Indians and Giants.

Giants

GIANTS' STARTING LINEUP

W. LOCKMAN, 1b
Left H, throws R

Batting: Must rule pitches but try to make his hit fast ball over plate before strike zone. Gets most power on low fast strikes but shows fast ball before him. Keep curve inside, down and back. Will chase ball curve too. Can step to left. Best leader on club.



Fielding: Worst player in throw to pitcher running hit. Good range and arm.

Base-running: Good speed down line. Plays safe on the base.

A. DARR, 2b
Left H, throws R

Batting: Does not know strike zone but his bat ball well. No definite weakness but does ball up. Has trouble with left-hander's slow curve. Right-hander must use pitcher running inside with man on first more to him to hit to right.



Fielding: Hard side may force fast DP throw. Good range, adequate arm, rare hands.

Base-running: Excellent judgment. Good speed. Is always a threat.

H. THOMPSON, 3b
Left H, throws R

Batting: Likes low fast ball over plate, doesn't like fast ball high and in. But in short-line-everything swing loses him when he is home-run threat. May pop fast ball. Will foul low inside curve, and change-up before him.



Fielding: Best to glove side, but good both ways. Good on bunts, plays in well. Good arm.

Base-running: Good speed but takes no chances on base.

M. MAY, cf
Left H, throws R

Batting: Pitcher must gamble. Must long balls hit on high pitches, must hit on low pitches. Give him curve down and into with fast ball high and away. May pop fast ball to short right—or inside. Try to get him with fast ball high, but close in.



Fielding: Tunes apparent into left DP. Throws behind runner. Great arm, range.

Base-running: Will take extra base, good speed and will steal.

G. MUELLER, 1b
Left H, throws R

Try to pull everything. He likes fast balls. Keep fast ball tight, curve low.

R. KATT, 2b
Left H, throws R

Does not pull but has long ball power. Keep fast ball in, curve down.

R. HERRMAN, 3b
Left H, throws R

Good power on high pitch. Hangs in. You must move the ball around on him.

M. GIBSON, cf
Left H, throws R

Fair fast ball, slider. Good screwball is his best pitch. Does not routine.

A. LINCOLN, p
Left H, throws R

Good slider, good curve. Tries to keep ball low, but control uncertain.

J. HANSEN, p
Left H, throws R

Has good overhead curve, throws hard but gets wild, makes pitcher too good.

D. MUELLER, 1b
Left H, throws R

Can't be overpowered; shape of ball, rarely base. Start him with fast ball high, inside, waste can well outside. Then curve him low and in. Keep steadily pitcher back so he likes to go to left and in good hit-and-run man. Make him pull the ball.

Fielding: Improved this year. Arm average but average with good throw. Fair range.

Base-running: Faster than he looks but no threat to steal.

M. WYNN, 2b
Left H, throws R

Has good power but lacks in swing. Good fast ball over plate will overpower him. Does not like good side-arm curve but his all average stuff hard. Stray hit in slump for much of season and played mostly against left-handed pitchers.

Fielding: Fair range, good arm, good judgment. Plays well well.

Base-running: Fair speed, takes no chances about breaking ankle.

R. WILLIAMS, 3b
Left H, throws R

Start him with curve down and away, but with man on base try fast ball down and in. Is sharp off you but may hurt you on ball thrown high in Polo Grounds where he can reach inside. Average stuff low has been stopping him.

Fielding: Is not afraid of spikes on DP. Good range, good arm. Very rare on ground ball.

Base-running: Fast, will take chance for extra base. Doesn't steal much.

M. WESTRUM, cf
Left H, throws R

Wild swings, rarely connects but can hurt you if he does. Good fast ball right down middle overpowers him but in a spot start him with curve outside outside. Then come in fast, inside and low. Get most of his fire into on pitcher above ball.

Fielding: Good receiver, calls pitcher well. Some on pop, bunts. Fine arm and slides plate well.

Base-running: Not fast, no threat. One of slowest men on the club.

THE PITCHERS

J. ANTHONY, 1b
Left H, throws R

Pitching: Good fast ball, change-up, curve. Change-up seems to move away from right-handed batters and uses it close against them. Has learned to control all three pitches, uses all in spots and pitchers out of trouble and. Will slide arm infielders.



Fielding: Good power in hit and handling batters well. Agile getting off the pitching mound.

Batting: He can hurt you. Keep ball fast, throw him breaking stuff low.

SAL MAGLIER, 2b
Left H, throws R

Pitching: Uses fast ball to brush batter back, curves to get him out. Smart pitcher, with different speed curves, throws many in dirt and gets better to him. Has slider but in trouble game with curves. Will curve any time, even on 1-and-2 count.



Fielding: Real back batter and now handles bunts well. Fair move to hit him.

Batting: Hits like a pitcher. Hitting .330.

M. GOMEL, 3b
Left H, throws R

Pitching: Walk on him. Sometimes will make pitcher too good. Has above average fast ball good slider, time screwball but may throw any pitch too fast. Uses screwball against left-handers when in last but no pattern against right-handers.



Fielding: Fast, agile, good covering fast, coming off mound. Sure picking up bunts.

Batting: Use good stuff. Unusual hit. Don't take him lightly.

H. WILHELM, cf
Left H, throws R

Pitching: Knowledgeable and will go with anything all the way. Will throw fast ball or slider on first pitch, full count, or whenever he thinks batter not expecting it. Run on him. Catchers have trouble handling knuckler.



Fielding: Adequate. Hard to beat on because his knuckler is tough pitch to hunt.

Batting: Hits like a pitcher. Hitting .350.



FATHER HERSBERG

THE TRUE SPIRIT OF NOTRE DAME

"It takes some doing to conduct intercollegiate athletics in a collegiate framework," says the president of the most famous football university in the nation. Here Father Hershberg tells the story of "how we try to do it at Notre Dame," and Photographer Mark Kauffman presents a four-page color portfolio starring the Irish's veteran quarterback, Ralph Guglielmi, and introducing the new Notre Dame coach, 24-year-old Terry Brennan

By REV. THEODORE M. HERSBERG, C.S.C., Ph.D., S.T.D.

ALMOST everyone has something to say about intercollegiate athletics—especially during the fall of the year when experts are born as the multicolored leaves drift downward. I suppose that it is only fair to say that I am not an expert—not even an ex-athlete. My only excuse for having something to say is that I have listened to many of the experts, and have had dealings with a number of athletes. All this was in the line of duty during a three-year stint as Chairman of our Faculty Board in control of Athletics at the University. And it will be generally admitted that willy-nilly the President of Notre Dame must have a nodding acquaintance with the intercollegiate athletic world.

Broadly speaking, I have found two extreme attitudes in most of the experts. Those who favor intercollegiate athletics praise it out of all proportion to its merits. And those who deny sports in college are quite blind to the values that do exist on the playing field. I realize that this amounts to saying that neither the friends nor the foes of intercollegiate athletics are quite honest, or let us say balanced, except against each other. However, whether you explain it by overenthusiasm or just plain ignorance, many of the experts seem to have missed the mark in assessing intercollegiate athletics.

ONE SPECTATOR'S VIEWS

Now you can see why I take refuge in not being an expert. There is an old saying that the spectator gets the best view of the game. Here are a few things that one spectator has seen.

I should make it clear from the beginning that we are in favor of inter-

collegiate athletics at Notre Dame. Some would say: "And how?" Rather than leave it there, I must add that we favor intercollegiate athletics within their proper dimensions. It goes without saying that the proper dimensions should be those of university life and purposes. But if this goes without saying, it does not happen without doing, and continual doing, on the part of those in charge of the university and athletics.

The fundamental difference between intercollegiate and professional athletics is that in college the players are supposed to be students first and foremost. This does not mean that they should all be Phi Beta Kappa or physics majors, but neither should they be subnormal students majoring in ping-pong.

Once this fundamental principle is accepted three equally obvious conclusions follow as the day the night.

First, any boy who has demonstrated during his high school days that he is quite incapable of doing collegiate work should not be admitted to college—even though he may have been an all-state high school footballer.

Secondly, once a qualified student who also happens to be a good athlete is admitted to college, he should follow the same academic courses, with the same academic requirements as the other students. Presumably he is in college for the same reason as the others: to get a good education for life, and to earn a degree in four years. This means, in practice, no fresh-air courses, no special academic arrangements for athletes.

Thirdly, the athlete should enjoy (and I use the word *adverbially*) the same student life in college as the oth-

er students. He should not be treated as prime beef, should not be given special housing and disciplinary arrangements, made a demigod on a special allowance who is above and beyond the regimen that is found to be educationally best for all the students of any given school. In this connection, I am reminded of the animal who is enthroned and crowned with great ceremony at the annual Park Fair in Ireland. It happens to be a goat.

HOW NOTRE DAME DOES IT

You will note that hard to all of these conclusions is the thought that the boy and his education are the first consideration—not public relations, not financial benefits to the school, not conference championships. I have said that it takes some doing to conduct intercollegiate athletics in such a collegiate framework. Maybe you would be interested in how we try to do it at the University of Notre Dame.

First, entrance requirements are the same for athletes at Notre Dame as for everyone else—and they are rather high, because we always have more applications than openings at the University. Many excellent athletes are not admitted because of their high school deficiencies. I recall one fine half-back who applied with only six, instead of the required sixteen credits, for four years of high school work. He was not accepted at Notre Dame, but he certainly had his day elsewhere, making long runs against us on a Saturday afternoon a year later.

Secondly, all the student athletes who come to Notre Dame are told that we would like them to win a monogram, but not without a diploma. Of course, this takes some doing too, and

continued on page 30





Brennan and Guglielmi watch tensely as Brennan gets phoned report from spatter



Coach suggests way of taking advantage of opponents' newly discovered weakness



Brennan relays opponents' weak point as described by spatter high in stands



Player and coach, tense again, turn attention back to field as play resumes



Charging Guglielmi, back on field after bench session with Brennan, skirts behind superb blocking. Says Guglielmi of quarterbacking: "You can never become proficient enough. No matter how much you think you know, there's always more to learn, more you should know."

SOUNDTRACK

EZZARD IN THE DRESSING ROOM

MASTERS OF CROQUET

TOLL OF TWO HARRIDANS ON A SPREE

Decibels

► Though bleeding spectacularly from a split nose and a cut eye, Rocky Marciano ended Knard (Charles's third attempt to recapture the world's heavyweight championship by knocking him out in the eighth round. The rematch chiefly established that 1) Charles and the champion no longer belong in the same ring, and 2) Marciano is the most relentless fighter in the world today (see pages 58-61).

► Big-time college football began with a bang. Explosive Oklahoma won a nationally televised interconference game with California 37-13, despite the best efforts of the Golden Bears' Passer Paul Larson and the pleading roar of 58,000 Berkeley fans (see pages 78-79). Maryland, 1983 national champions, beat Kentucky 30-0; Georgia Tech beat Tulane 38-0; and Texas took Louisiana State 20-6. Meanwhile, California's San Jose State solemnly defeated a San Quentin Prison eleven 26-13 (at San Quentin) to gain a year's possession of one of the oddest trophies in sports: a ball and chain.

► An football drew its first crowds of the year baseball drew some of its last before the World Series; Cleveland won the American League pennant, and at week's end the New York Giants had a virtual death grip on the National League championship.

► There was tennis: Vic Seixas beat Terry Trabert in the finals of the Pacific Southwest Championships at Los Angeles. There was golf: 31-year-old Barbara Romack of Sacramento won the women's amateur championship. There was even championship walking: Leo Sogomon of Brooklyn did 50 kilometers in 4 hrs. 43:44, a new record for heel-and-toe work, in Baltimore.

Post mortem

EZZARD CHARLES was a fearful sight as New York's inebriate swarm of fight writers jostled in to inspect him after his gallant 15-round stand against Rocky Marciano last June. The whole right side of his face was swollen grotesquely, his right eye was a slit and one corner of his mouth had pulled into a shiny, pink, unlikely bulb. But there was a fierce and calm dignity about him for all that. "I want him again," he whispered. "I want him again. He's all the plan I've got." One night last week the same Knard Charles—a curiously different man—entertained again in the same brightly lit dressing room.

He had punched recklessly enough with Marciano in a few exciting flurries. He had been down three, and the third time had risen a split second too late. But he bore not a mark as he stood, naked except for a Turkish towel about his middle, and watched the reporters and photographers pushing in through the door. It was Marciano—his nose split, his eyebrow torn by Charles's calculated work in close-on whom the surgeon was working down the hall. Charles behaved as if it were he who had won—and talked as though he were convincing himself that he could have done so.

He smiled at the big question of the night—could he have risen a split second before the count of ten instead of a split second after it, and fought on? "I was up," he said in a monotone. "I know I was up. Sure, I could have finished the round. Two more rounds, I'd a won the fight."

"Won it? How could you have won it?"

"He'd a been cut up. Two more rounds, he'd a been cut up."

"Why did you fight different this time, Kn?"

"Decided I'd knock him out. I tried to knock him out. I changed my plan in the fight."

"How do you mean—not to knock him out?"

Charles carefully buttoned up a baby-blue sport shirt. He looked down at the handler who was trying to induce him to slip one foot into a shoe. "To knock him out," he said.



"Kn—did you ever think you had him going?"

"Sure," said Charles, speaking suddenly with the positiveness of accomplishment. "I bust his nose—left jab. I bust his eye—left jab. Two more rounds I'd a won the fight."

He looked up, suddenly, and cried "Hey!" His wife walked in. Behind her walked Joe Louis, elegantly tailored, closely shaved and grinning widely. "No women in the dressing room," said Charles. His wife laughed. "This Joe Louis said he could do anything and he did do anything. We got in." She pulled her silver-blue mink coat around her shoulders and sat down, while Marciano blinked. "Put your arm around her, Kn," called a camera-

man. Charles stared, face expressionless, pushed out his lower lip, stared some more and shook his head.

"Kn," called a reporter. "Do you still say he isn't the hardest hitter you've fought?"

"He's strong," said Charles. "But Walcott knocked me out. You don't go around in fights trying to think who hits you hardest. He had me groggy. But I knew what I was doing."

"What did he hit you with in the second, Kn?"

"I don't know," said Kn. "Didn't see the fight myself."

"What are you going to do now—you gonna retire, Kn?"

"Go on fightin'. Knock around a couple of weeks and then start training. See who's next on the men-yoo."

"What did he say when the fight was over, Kn—up in the ring?"

"He say," said June's fierce, wounded gladiator, and grinned with what almost seemed like pride, "I'm the cleverest man he ever fought."

Book jinxes Yankees?

THERE IS general agreement among students of American literature that no one has yet written a really good baseball novel, nothing to compare with *War and Peace* anyway. Baseball is a difficult subject for fiction because the game itself is tinged with fantasy, and not just in Ebbets Field, either. A writer of realistic fiction who tries to improve on characters like Babe Ruth or Casey Stengel is a fool and so some authors, aware that in writing about baseball they are dealing with a world of improbability, have the good taste to stick to plots which are fanciful and, very often, downright weird.

So it is with this year's baseball novel, a major league or Book-of-the-Month Club choice for September entitled *The Year the Yankees Lost the Pennant*. Written by a man with the fanciful name of Douglas Wallop, it tells of a Washington Senators fan (there really are such things, as Bela Lugosi used to say: who, in his 50s, makes a Faustian deal with the devil, in return for the fan's soul, the devil arranges for him to become a fabulous young outfielder who bats over .300 and almost singlehandedly leads the Senators to the pennant. And, with a timing worthy of Stan Musial, the book comes out in a month when the Yankees have indeed lost a pennant.

There have been surprisingly few good movies about baseball, too.

Among the most successful was another fantasy of a few years back, *It Happens Every Spring*, in which the plot turned on a magical baseball that avoided wood and hence could not be hit. This magic brought to mind a short story written by Ralph Henry Barbour many years back, when *SI*. *Nikeke* magazine was still being published for boys and girls. In Barbour's story a sea captain presents a 12-year-old boy with a baseball bat made of the marvelous wood of the hoki-noki tree, which grows only on an un-mapped island that abounds in wild herbs. The hero learns to scratch their backs against the tree, and in time, by an evolutionary process, the tree develops an affinity for humankind. Equipped with a bat that draws baseballs to it like a magnet, the boy wins the big game.

In writing this tale, Barbour accomplished two feats in the realm of prophecy. He worked a switch on the authors of *It Happens Every Spring* long before they had even thought of their plot (which gives an idea of how valuable Barbour might have been to Hollywood had he not been content to write solely for the 12-year-old mind) and he predicted Willie Mays, who last week knocked out his last home run and was just behind Duke Snider for the batting championship. The young hero of Barbour's story, the boy with the preposterous hoki-noki bat, was named Billy Mays, but, of course, a little typographical error is permitted to prophets now and then.

Mad day on No. 4

IT WAS A DAY for daring and vast Elizabethan deeds. A half gale sent grey clouds racing over rain-swept lawns and hedges at the Roshampon Club on the outskirts of London. Flags snapped like whips and leaves blew in the gusts. And out on Court No. 4 ("the most in all England"), watched by a tense and avid crowd of nine persons, two men battled it out in the last match of the Croquet Masters Tournament for the President's Cup.

The two last match competitors (from a field of eight) were far past youth. Humphrey O. Hicks was 54, Maurice Reckitt "well past 55." But the conflict had produced a distillate of excitement and edginess which was reflected by the umbrella-shielded knot of spectators.

As the last game began the tournament had already been won by Hicks, a Devonian gentleman of leisure who swings the mallet off his right foot. But Reckitt—an "Irish-style" player who swings the mallet between spread legs—was keyed to prevent him from establishing an all-time cup competition record of 14 straight games. And Reckitt, author of a book, *Croquet Today*, not only led in the early stages, but did so in a manner which brought with-

pared criticism from watchers who insist on an unemotional style. He had, two of them noted, "silly mannerisms"—a habit of "willing" the ball's path with body English after a shot. After good shots, moreover, he was sometimes not absolutely able to conceal, from close watchers, a sense of satisfaction.

"Maurice is frightfully pleased with himself," said the first.

"He's been playing well this week. Have to admit it," replied the second.

Then Hicks began to gain. The white-mustached Reckitt's manner grew grave. Reckitt shot and missed. "Look at him. Look at him," said the first, as Reckitt stamped his foot in vexation. "Why can't he keep it to



himself?" Both brightened as the victorious Hicks's last ball hit the post, as the loser cried, according to tradition, "Thank you!" and the winner, "Thank you very much!"

By the end of the match, the crowd had swelled by a few. Some of them had the look of more curious spectators. An old member of the Croquet Association waved in their direction. "These people," he said, "they're always coming. They watch but they don't understand the game." Turning in his chair, he said with the intensity of a bishop discussing the Bible, "Do you know, for most people in England nowadays, croquet is a closed book!"

Supermarket bowl

VILLANOVA UNIVERSITY lost six football games out of ten last year. There is not the slightest likelihood that this year's team, by no means drenched in talent, will win a bowl bid. Still, Villanova looks forward keenly to a 100,000 sellout for its game with University of Mississippi at Municipal Stadium, Philadelphia on October 2.

Whoever wants tickets to this game can buy them in the usual way or pick them up free with the week's grocery order at an Acme Supermarket. Acme has bought 88,000 tickets to the game. Last week the chain began giving them away with the groceries in 165 of its stores, just as last year it gave away 53,000 to the Villanova-Georgia game. Ninety-eight thousand persons showed up for that one, many of them housewives who never before had seen football but could not resist a bargain. Average attendance at Villanova games in recent years has been ten or twelve thousand.

Villanova's inventive approach to ticket selling, from the promotional brain of Andreas Dudley, athletics director, has inspired merchandising schemes at other colleges. A chain-store company

guaranteed Akron University \$10,000 for its game with Wittenberg College on September 25, the chain selling tickets at half price, two for a dollar. For \$5, Standard University is putting out a "sports sampler" book, not altogether a novelty, admitting the holder to skating and the Washington State game on October 30, with the opera and dancing, too. Fordham University will offer business houses blocks of seats for some of its games, the tickets to be distributed to customers as entertainment expenses.

Entire families turned out for the Villanova-Georgia game last year, with Mom supplying the tickets, Dad advising on the finer points of the game, like who's got the ball. This year, as last, Villanova is holding out 15,000 seats for students, alumni, opponents and regular customers and expects them to be mightily outnumbered.

With a \$10 grocery order the customer gets a \$2.50 ticket, and a \$3.00 ticket with each \$15 order. Last year people came to Philadelphia from as far as Allentown, 50 miles away, to do their week's food shopping.

S. Spencer Hanesy, Acme sales manager, revealed the poignant predicament of a husband whose wife, seeing the final-day advertisement for free tickets, sneaked him out to the store with a long grocery list and \$30. At the checking counter, his shopping done, the husband asked eagerly for his three football tickets. The checker looked at him blankly. The unfortunate fellow had done his shopping at the A & P. Almost in tears, the husband appealed to Hanesy as a sales manager and a member of the sex and Hanesy, understanding the confusion which overwhelmed men in supermarkets, gave him three tickets.

The Law

EVERYBODY, the American League umpire, received a summons to grand jury duty in Baltimore last week but asked for and received a stay until the American League season is over, a gesture of professional courtesy if ever there was one. When Rosenthal does sit with the grand jury it would be fascinating to watch the privacy of the hearings and watch him in action. Does he sit quietly, listening and deliberating? Or does he, when the district attorney raises his voice in loud argument for indictment, glare back, draw out his watch and indicate just 30 seconds more of this. Buzzer, and out you go?

Pole for the people

WHILE the country has been gawking at attendance records set by Milwaukee's Braves this year, few have noted another Milwaukee sports miracle, of lesser stature but no less extraordinary—a sudden upsurge of popular, shirt-sleeved interest in polo.

Not since the 1930s, when interna-

sional matches on Long Island drew crowds of 40,000 or more, has there been so much broad interest in polo—not just on Long Island but throughout the country, especially in the Middle West and most particularly in Milwaukee. On a farm eight miles north by northwest of the shrieking home of the Braves, 51,885 spectators have attended 13 games this season, almost four times as many as were drawn all of last year.

The farm is owned by Robert August Uihlein Jr., who is vice president in charge of sales of the Joseph Schlitz Brewing Company and the big man (6 feet 4½ inches, 216 pounds) behind Milwaukee polo.

"Only in Delray Beach, Florida do they draw anything near the crowds we get these days," says Uihlein (rhymes with bee-line), "and in that vacation resort area at least half the fans come out to see Barbara Hutton, Rubens and so forth. All we have to offer here is polo."

Now 38, Uihlein first played polo as a junior at Phillips Academy at Andover in 1932. He also played some at Harvard and at Wyoming dude ranches, but it was not until 1946 that he went in for the game full tilt, organized the Milwaukee Polo Club and wound up owning some 15 polo horses (worth anywhere from \$1,000 to \$5,000 apiece) and the Good Hope Road farm on which he based the Milwaukee polo field. In addition he pays the expenses of players who have to commute weekends from as far away as Florida.

With Uihlein as No. 4, or back man, Milwaukee won the national 20-goal tournament in both 1949 and 1950 and the national open in 1951. He has a four-goal rating and is noted both for hitting the long ball and for his defensive ability in riding off an opponent—something like a football block except that it's done on a fast-charging horse.

Winning ways did not account for the crowds Milwaukee drew to polo this year. The team won only three games and lost seven in regular season play, then was eliminated in the first rounds of both the national 20-goal and national open tournaments. Ticket sales are made at the gate, without advance sales or brewery purchases of big blocks for free distribution. And Uihlein feels the Braves have helped, not hurt, attendance at polo matches.

"Because of the Braves," he explains, "Milwaukeeans are now used to going places, seeing sporting events of all kinds. Although the Braves have already drawn over 2 million fans we are having by far our biggest season. So is auto racing."

A special satisfaction for Uihlein is the fact that his matches draw a "shirt-sleeve crowd" and that "the farmers around Granville (near the field) can hardly wait for the games."

Ill winds

YACHTSMEN up and down the Atlantic Coast looked out last weekend on seas which were no more than the normal September complement of wave and wind but many of them had no boats to sail. Carol and Edna, two harridans on a spree, had seen to that.

The first and the worst was Carol. Insurance companies which deal in marine insurance estimate she cost them about \$5 million for damage to New England pleasure craft alone and that she cost uninsured yachtsmen upward of \$3 million more—not to mention hours of worry and months of regret. Then along came Edna, a Scottish dame who feinted a blow here and there, got lost from time to time, split in two and eventually buffed and puffed into Provincetown Bay. She knocked some glasses off the bar and then went up into the Maritime Provinces, where she passed out. Edna didn't have what Carol had. At Bar Harbor, for instance, only six small craft and a 22-foot sloop

claims for \$1 million. These two are among the largest in the marine insurance business and the biggest claim against them was \$30,000.

Boats of far higher value were lost, however. The reason for low coverage was explained quite simply by Arthur G. B. Metcalf, President of Electronics Corp. of America, whose 12-meter yacht *Frail* went on the rocks at Marblehead, and was gutted by fire.

"The *Frail*," Metcalf said, "was one of only fourteen 12-meter boats built in Germany and one of five in commission in this country. To reproduce her today would cost from \$175,000 to \$200,000. To insure a boat for that amount each year would be economically prohibitive. It would cost too much because premiums are so high. Most of the larger yachts probably are insured for only about 10% of their actual value."

Boats that cost \$10,000 to build in the '30s today may be worth \$40,000. Such a boat was *Navigo II*, George D. Haskell's eight-meter sloop which was lost at Marblehead.

Other big beauties lost to Carol included *Melae*, a Concordia yawl, owned by Dan Strohmeier of the New Bedford Yacht Club and the smallest boat ever to win the Bermuda race (this year, valued at \$50,000); *Amstel*, Walter Rothchild's 55-footer, which was to have been delivered to the U.S. Naval Academy, valued at \$90,000; *Ejlen*, \$75,000 cutter owned by Henry Morgan, former commodore of the New York Yacht Club; *Mohawk*, 60-foot ketch owned by Kenneth Magnus and valued at \$100,000 though she cost \$25,000 when built.

But some boats declared total losses by the insurance companies probably will sail again. The hulks will be bought cheap, repaired and refitted by men who know their business and make handsome profits after every big storm. The *Mohawk*, beached several times by storms, has a fabulous record for returning to her element. At Marblehead, old-timers looked at the rock-ripped hull and warned: "Never say the *Mohawk* won't sail again."

And there was George Sarant, of Proport, L.I., 1949-1950 winner of the Harwood Trophy, who all his life wanted to experiment with an Elco cruiser, redesigning it from the hull up.

Sarant owned an Elco "but you can't take an expensive boat and knock it apart," he pointed out. A while back, still wishing he could afford to redesign the boat, he sold it to a doctor friend. Then Carol sank her. Sarant looked it over, still on the bottom, and found that the hull and keel could be salvaged even though the superstructure, which he wanted to remove anyhow, was completely demolished.

The insurance company has written the boat off and Sarant will be able to pick up his dream Elco, or just what the doctor ordered, for about \$1,000.



THE BERMUDA YAWL "MELAE"—LOST

were lost to her. Edna made the mistake of coming in at low tide, whereas Carol pushed high tides even higher, smashing boats inland against docks and whatever stood in their way.

Insurance men took Edna in stride and weren't even bothering two weeks after Carol, to straighten out their pleasure-craft books on the second hurricane. They were still occupied with Carol, who, among other things, blasted the Atlantic Tuna Derby out of the water. Awarding the derby were 77 boats valued at more than \$2 million. After Carol had gone, 24 of them were on the bottom of Rhode Island's Harbor of Refuge or piled up on battered piers and the shore. Damage to these alone was in excess of \$300,000 but Carol wasn't through.

By the time she was through, about one in four craft in New England was damaged in some way, the average insurance claim running in the vicinity of \$2,000. The Boston Insurance Company had about 700 claims which may total \$1,600,000, the Insurance Company of North America about 500

THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT



STAR NO. 1, 1976, champion among 3,500 Star Class ships, worked neatly to windward during World Star Class spring championships at Cascais, Portugal. Owner-skipper Carlos de Corderas of Cuba and his overman son were perennial and unsuccessful challengers for the title until their Kersak V swept this year's regatta.



WORRIED WIVES of Dodger Manager Walt Alton and Giants Manager Leo Durocher reflected anxious worries in National League pennant race. Lola Alton (top) shied nervily over what she took to be a bad decision, while Laraine Day Durocher looked shocked as the Giants lost a game.



HORSEMAN RACING, wiped out by war, made comeback on a makeshift track outside Seoul. The few Korean horsemen who managed to save horses through the war are making a strong effort to revive breeding and racing in the country. Crude sand track bears little resemblance to finished sandy loam race tracks in the U.S.



BARBARA ROMACK (left), a part 25-year-old insurance saleswoman from Sacramento, Calif., became the new women's national amateur golf champion when she



MEDITATIVE WINNER Horace Stoneham was pictured at precise moment the National League pennant race became a virtual stoch for his New York Giants. Stoneham, watching Glavin-Braves double-header from his office above Polo Grounds center-

field bleachers, had just seen his team win, while TV set in background showed the second-place Brooklyn Dodgers, trotting unhappily from Ebbets Field after losing to Cincinnati and all but destroying their chances to beat the Giants to the pennant.



defeated Minsky Wright (right), a 19-year-old Standard bred at Seawick, Pa. Barbara led all the way, eventually won 4 and 2.



HORSEVS. DOG race at San Fernando Valley Fairgrounds left: Cyclone Malone, a greyhound, two Gooroo lengths behind Dr. Teal V, a quarter horse. Dr. Teal went off slow but caught the thring Cyclone 16 yards from the 250-yard finish. Said colored jockey, Owen Johnson: "I'd look pretty silly finishing second to a dog."

FOOTBALL

FROM PIKE'S PEAK TO THE PACIFIC

by HERMAN HICKMAN

THERE is a lot of rough terrain between Pike's Peak and the Pacific, and it has bred a lot of tough football teams. The Pacific Coast Conference plays some of the finest football in the country; and though the Rose Bowl contest has been a California monopoly for so long that people tend to forget its northern sector, teams from Oregon and Washington can never be ruled out of the contention.

The Skyline Conference, in a vast and sparsely settled area, has problems of logistics and players to contend with; but the breed of football played there is steadily improving. The independents and the lesser conferences of the Far West include a number of fine small schools which play a game of big conference caliber. Although it has only one team that compelled inclusion in my eleven top eleven, the West may well provide some of the best and flashiest play of 1954.

THE PACIFIC COAST

U.C.L.A. Since the rules do not permit a Rose Bowl team to succeed itself, the U.C.L.A. squad will not be making the cross-country bus trip to the

Bowl this New Year's Day. However, this ruling does not prevent them from winning the championship, and there are many reasons to believe that they will. The team has probably the finest line in college football, with Tackle Jack Ellena and Guard Jim Salisbury outstanding. An amazing great at fullback, Bob Davenport, and little Primo Villanueva in the tailback slot will be more dangerous than the rugged Paul Cameron, now departed. U.C.L.A. has one of the finest and best-organized coaching staffs in the country, headed by Red Sanders—and they will need all of this to contend with mighty Maryland the night of October 1st. U.C.L.A. indicated its potential power by crushing San Diego Navy 47-0 last Saturday night.

U.S.C. Southern Cal rose to the heights last year when it beat California 33-20 and sank to the depths in the Notre Dame debacle, 14-48. But this year there is a quiet confidence around the practice field. The material is there—Tailbacks Aramis Dandley and Sagamore Jon Arnett are both excellent ball carriers, speedy and elusive. Quarterback Don Connor also



OREGON'S George Benge, quarterback and potential giant, is an all-round star.



U.C.L.A.'S Tim Duggan, quarterback, became one of the nation's greatest fullbacks.



CALIFORNIA'S Carter Nigma, quarterback, battles off a line notable for its weight.

figures largely in Coach Jess Hill's plans—he will shift from the blocking back position in the single wing to become the quarterback on the winged T and split T. Southern Cal served notice on the competition when it beat Washington State last Friday night, 39-6. **California.** A majority opinion on the coast feels that Cal will represent the P.C.C. in the Rose Bowl. Some feel that the Golden Bears also will win the title. Coach Lynn Waldorf has this to say to both opinions: "We will probably have the most inexperienced team that we have had since I've been at California. However, we do have better size in the line than we had a year ago, and we should have good balance between running and passing." Pappy is not kidding about the increase in size. There are six tackles to pick from who weigh above 220. Matt Hackett at center was selected on many All-American teams last year, and Paul Larson at quarterback is one of the most gifted performers ever to wear the Blue and Gold. But Rose Bowl hopefuls got a jolt last Saturday when Cal went down before Oklahoma, 13-27, in the week's big inter-sectional game (see page 70-71).

Oregon. This team may well be the sleeping giant of the conference. Eight regulars have returned, headed by the sensational George Shaw at quarterback and Captain Ron Fletcher at center, another All-P.C.C. selection. Shaw has won top backfield honors ever since his freshman year in 1933. Heard Oregon got off to a running start by wrecking Idaho last Saturday, 41-9. **Stanford.** Coach Chuck Taylor's squad is stripped this year—fifteen lettermen



SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA'S Steve Daney is a spark plug in a speedy and elusive backfield. Disappointing last year, U.S.C. is quietly confident of better 1934 season.

lost, including the greatest aerial combination on the coast: Quarterback Bobby Garrett and Sam Morley at end. But Chuck has a happy faculty of developing dangerous teams and has some outstanding men returning in Halfback Ernie Darr, John Stewart, end, and Tackle Matt Armitage. "We have our problems," Chuck told me, "but I'm sure we will come up with a good team."

Washington. Sandy Lederman, a sophomore last year, was the Cougar's second-ranked passer, but he is being pushed this season by Bob Cox, just up from the frosh. Fullback Mike Monroe will probably make the Huskies' running game 50 percent more effective than last year. But the line is gone—gone are the starters from end to end. The Huskies' season rests on the performance of Earl Monlux at guard and such sophomore stalwarts as 225-pound George Struger and 200-pound Bill Till, both tackles.

Washington State. The Cougars' line is composed of seasoned men, two deep at most positions. Chuck Beckel is a competent fullback. Arnie Pellear and Rush Quackenbush are established ends. Bob Miller, 245-pound sophomore halfback, looks like a comer. Last year's team scored five victories

over other conference teams, including Washington and Oregon. Improvement is indicated, despite the loss to powerful Southern Cal last Friday, 6-39.

Oregon State. The Beavers finished strong last year after a dismal start. Bill Johnson at guard seems to be the best O.S.U. bet for sectional honors. Outstanding also are Jack Peterson, left halfback, and Tackle Howard Buettenbach. Sophomore Leon Hinner looks like an excellent pass-receiving end. Coach Rip Taylor says: "Oregon State should be much stronger than last season. We have a bit more depth, and the will to win is certainly there."

Idaho. Idaho plays only three conference opponents and so does not qualify for conference rating. Twenty lettermen are returning from a squad that only won one game. Skip Stanley has stepped in as the new coach. Flip Kieffner, a senior halfback, is the best of the returnees. The team lacks speed and depth but should improve its 1933 record with nonconference opponents. Their defeat by Oregon last Saturday, 0-41, was to be expected.

THE SKYLINE CONFERENCE

Utah. Most people are picking Wyoming to win the Skyline title, but my vote goes to Utah. Coach Jack Cartier's



WASHINGTON hopes rest on Earl Monlux, veteran guard in a brand-new line.



COLLEGE OF THE PACIFIC'S Bill Jacobs sparks a small but powerful team.

WESTERN FOOTBALL *continued*

team has won it for three years running with a wide-open style of football. Despite heavy losses in both the backfield and line, he has good replacements and will be up to par by midseason. Outstanding are Halfback Herb Naalen and End Ove Nollstein.

Wyoming. The Cowboys are the "people's choice." The colorful Joe Mastrogiovanni, a 5 ft. 6 in., 195-pound Yogi Berra-type junior from Boys High, Brooklyn, U.S.A., is an outstanding candidate for sectional and possibly national honors along with Fullback George Galuska, of Arcadia, Wis. "Mastro" has been switched to the blocking back or quarterback spot, which means that Coach Phil Dierken has either increased the scope of his Tennessee single-wing to enable him to run and pass from this position, or that the much-heralded ineligible transfers on last year's squad—the "Red Saints '33"—are furnishing sufficient material for the vital tailback position. Wyoming's answer with Oklahoma A. & M. was not a conference decision but, as a test of strength, it was significant. As predicted, it was close, but the Cowboys lost it, 6-14.

New Mexico. Coach Bob Titchenal's Lobos have ten starters returning, including the sensational Center and Captain Larry White, twice all-conference and All-American candidate. There's also Percy Layton, a 23-year-old sophomore just back from a hitch in the Marines, who caused Titchenal to junk his single-wing attack in favor of the unbalanced T from which Percy operates at quarterback. The line is coordinated and fast. The Lobos will be much improved. They opened their title bid last Saturday night by defeating Brigham Young 21-12.

Utah State. Fourteen lettermen and a fine freshman crop greeted Coach John

Roning after a five-win two-loss conference record last year. Outstanding returnees are Tackle Dave Kruglhoppe and Kent Harris, quarterback. The personnel is the best since the Aggies lost for the crown in 1945.

Denver. Coach Bob Blackman's Pioneers looked good last Friday night, whipping Colorado College 32-0. Main reason for the upsurge is the influx of last season's five freshmen, including Charles Bernard, halfback; Ernie Pitts, end, and Richard Muehs, center. Outstanding holdovers are: Jim Bowen, quarterback; Halfbacks Fred Mahaffey and Fred Towner; Charles DeLuca, tackle; and Don Griebel, end.

Colorado A. & M. Seven starters are gone from the 1953 edition which won three and lost four in conference play. Gary Click, a renovated halfback, is supposed to make the split T go from his new quarterback position. Dick Braun is a halfback of note, and the

For Herman Hickman's benches on next week's games, turn to page 71.

line led by Center Bill Taxewer should be stronger than last season.

Montana. The Grizzlies have been rather disappointing since they joined the Skyline Conference in 1951. This season they should show much improvement as only six lettermen have been lost. Eight backs have returned, led by all-conference Halfback Dick Bauer and a slick T-quarterback in

Dick Heath. Paul Winkamp, tackle, and Joe DeLuca, guard, bolster a young forward wall.

Brigham Young. Few will forget the memorable game last fall between Brigham Young and Utah. The Utes took it 31-32, but it earned the admiration and respect of millions of TV viewers for football in the Rocky Mountain section. Eighteen lettermen return, led by Marion Probert, end, who made many Skyline all-conference selections. Halfback Dick Felt was the conference's best punt returner, averaging 29 yards a return. Don Jansen, a second-string halfback last year, averaged 10 yards per try. Leading sophomores in Jay Wening, guard, who was the most promising freshman lineman in Utah last year.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN CONFERENCE

Idaho State. Idaho State leads this "small college" group together with Montana State, and both compare favorably with many Skyline Conference schools. Outstanding among the Bengals are Halfback Gus Connors and Tackle Howard Green, who head an upsurging team.

Montana State. Twenty lettermen return to Montana State, which suffered only three losses by graduation. Vic Berra at end and Ray Schoenher, guard, are the best men on the squad and were both chosen all-conference last year.

Western State. The surprise package of 1953, Western State still looked good last Saturday, beating Adams State 40-14. The squad had only three lettermen this year. Bill Rhoden and Jim Riser, halfbacks both, are the best of a promising team.

THE INDEPENDENTS

College of the Pacific. Once again, C.O.P. has a strong team. The little school that produced Eddie LeBaron has a candidate for similar honors in Bill Jacobs, at quarterback. There may be real excitement here—last Saturday C.O.P. held Stanford to a one-point victory, 13-15.

San Jose State. Like C.O.P., San Jose is really on a par with the second division of the Pacific Coast Conference. Joe Ulin would be a credit to any backfield. Before he was declared ineligible last year Joe scored eleven touchdowns in four games, and he and a strong supporting squad should give San Jose the edge among the western independents this season, which they opened strongly by beating Utah State last Saturday night 20-0.



DENVER'S Jim Bowen, 5-foot 10-inch, 155-pound quarterback, is a passing star.



THE KEY MEN on a football team are the quarterback and center, and the four shown here are among the best in the West. The "Brooklyn Cowboy," Joe Mastrogiovanni (above), is a plunging and passing signal-caller for Wyoming. Paul Larson (above, right)

is California's unpredictable and brilliant quarterback who last year led the nation in total offense with 1,572 yards gained. His optional run-pass play is the most dangerous in college football. An iron man at center for Oregon is Ron Pfeister (below, left) who played

an average of 53 minutes per game in the 1951 season and is the core of a tough defense. Larry White (below, right) is captain and center at New Mexico U., the man whom more than any other could lead his team into the first division.



continued doing. The passing mark at Notre Dame is 70%. Athletes must have a 77% average before they are eligible for competition in any varsity sport. The watchdog in this case is our Executive Vice President, Father Joyce, who is also Chairman of the Faculty Board in control of Athletics.

The academic averages for athletes are the first to be compiled after semester examinations. I remember receiving the list about five o'clock one bleak Friday afternoon in February. A quick glance showed that two first-string basketball players, and one of the best quarterbacks, who had tossed the winning basket in the last game, had fallen below the required 77% average. A phone call followed to the Director of Athletics. "My gosh, Father," he moaned, "the team is just leaving for the toughest game of the season against Kentucky tomorrow night. They'll be murdered without these men. If you sent me word by mail, the normal way, I'd get it Monday morning."

"YOU'VE GOT THE WORD"

No one likes to be Simon Legree, but all I could say is: "You've got the word now. And I'm not so much worried about being murdered as about being right." As a matter of fact, we did lose the game to Kentucky, but only by one point, in an overtime period. At times like this, when the walls seem falling in on an administrator, it is good to seek quiet courage in the epigram above a hero's grave: "Death is not rare, nor is it of ultimate importance. Heroism is both." But no medals yet!

I remember another recent case when a star athlete almost hit the mark, but not quite: his average was 76.8%. You can understand them asking you to be reasonable in situations like this, but then even athletes did not get excited about the wife as long as there were fractions, no matter how small, after the four minute mark. And you don't watch players *two seconds* after they leave. When the pressure is on, once you tangle with a standard, you lose it.

Then there was the end September day when I went over to the stadium for the opening of fall practice. A quick count of the varsity squad showed only 88 players on the field, which in the days of the two-platoon system was not enough to scrimmage offensive and defensive squads, given the disproportionate number of backfield substitutions. I asked the coach where the rest of the players were. With a monumental effort to maintain his accustomed poise and gentility, he replied evenly:

"Two of them are still at home, and you dropped the others from school in June on account of their academic work."

Another incident grew out of that small squad. Before the first game, a senior came to see me. He was one of the former football players at the Military Academy who had transferred to Notre Dame, following the difficulty there. "You have the smallest squad and the toughest schedule in the country," he began. "There are about a dozen ex-Army football players here who would be delighted to play for Notre Dame, if you let us. After all, the other schools are letting the ex-Army athletes play."

"There is only one difficulty," I explained. "You were all offered a scholarship here by an anonymous benefactor on condition that you would not compete in intercollegiate athletics. You see, we have a long-standing rule here against transfers competing. It

eliminates any temptation of inducing good players to transfer from other schools. If you have any doubt about the necessity of such a rule, I can quote you some all-American athletes who began here. Now you can play all the intramural sports you wish, but we are on record for this other principle. And without preaching, I'd like to add that part of the education here consists in learning to live by principle rather than by expediency."

"O.K., Father," he said, "it's your funeral."

"Well, I'm not singing the requiem yet," I countered. "Frank Leahy is a great coach. Injuries could ruin us, but we'll be praying that we don't have any."

SMALL SQUAD, BIG YEAR

I wish that I had met the lad again after the season. Frank Leahy did one of the best coaching jobs of his career with that small squad, and we had no serious injuries, thank God. By the end of the season, we had beaten the conference champions of the Southwest Conference, the Big Seven Conference, the Pacific Coast Conference and the championships of the Western, Big Ten, Conference and tied the Ivy League champions.

Perhaps the most cogent argument for the compatibility of athletics and collegiate endeavor is the fact that I know of only two of our monogram men in the past ten years who failed to win a diploma during the normal course of their life at school. Moreover these athletes did not take leave-of-absence because we do not have any.

Normally, our varsity players are rather evenly distributed throughout the undergraduate colleges of Arts and Letters, Commerce, Engineering and Science. A surprising number of them, like our present twenty-six-year-old head football coach, Terry Brennan, go to Law School after graduating. Incidentally, Terry majored in philosophy as an undergraduate, and I can say, after having had him as a student in class, that he performed as well there as on the field. As for the record over the years, look at the present professional and business standing of the famous Four Horsemen of the twelfth century, and you will find less need to apologize for intercollegiate athletics.

The third and last working principle I mentioned earlier is that athletes should live a normal collegiate life. This means that before they come to the university they should be offered only the opportunity to receive an education. Under-the-table deals are dis-



WATCHDOG over eligibility is Father Edward Joyce, who controls college athletics.



MASS IN A RAILROAD CAR Coachmen for "Notre Dame" Notre Dame players. Catholic institutions of the equal attend Masses

and holding Communion for students, who, unless present, that no player will be seriously injured that day—no other team.

My cheating a boy. First, they confront him at an impressionable age with the worst possible aspect of double-dealing and graft, giving him a disreputable standard of values—and from educational institutions of all places. Secondly, if the boy wants to play for money, he would get much more from the professional teams who are organized to do this. I suspect that many of the so-called offers "from thirty or forty schools" are embellished in the telling, but where there is so much smoke, I suppose that there may lurk a convertible or two.

The least a university can do in this regard is to tell its alumni and friends exactly where it stands and then to investigate thoroughly any reports to the contrary. The worst that a university can do is to play the three monkeys who see, hear and speak no evil. I assume that with the pressures that do exist for winning teams, well-meaning but ill-advised alumni and friends will eat corners at times—but not for long unless the university insists on seeing and hearing nothing.

THE MASS GUARANTEE

Institutional integrity is the only sure guarantee in this matter. National policing agencies can only approve sound policy and wave a stick. We were somewhat chagrined a year or so

ago when the NCAA publicly criticized us for a relatively minor shame that we had ourselves discovered and corrected some time before they began to investigate it.

We have certain safeguards to assure a normal collegiate life for an athlete once he comes to the University. Our varsity athletes are evenly distributed in all the fourteen residence halls. They all have jobs compatible with their studies and seasonal sports activities. They make the morning and night check of all the other students on their floor, deliver mail, help the priest on the floor maintain order and do other odd jobs for which they are available. It is difficult to become a strutting hen if one has to work for the other students.

I must say, after some years of personal experience with these athletes as a teacher and as hall rector, that compared with the student body as a whole, most of the athletes are superior men in many ways. The record of their lives after graduation confirms this impression.

The nation at large knows that all of the Catholics on our squad (Notre Dame is open to students of all races and faiths) attend Mass and receive Holy Communion the morning of every game to pray that no serious injury will come to the players of either team

that day. What most people do not know is that many of these boys are up earlier than necessary many other mornings, some every day, for Mass and Holy Communion before class.

Moreover, the athletes are bound by the same disciplinary regulations and penalties as every other student. The reason for all this is that since our monogram men are often national figures, we want them to be as representative of a Notre Dame education as any other student.

Some educators have said that athletic ability should not be considered at all in making an education available to a prospective student. Of course, athletic prowess should not be the only, or even the prime consideration. It cannot be, if the system outlined above is strictly maintained. A boy never loses a scholarship at Notre Dame for failure to make a team, but he will and often does forfeit a scholarship for academic or disciplinary failure.

FATHER CAVANAUGH'S VIEW

To answer the critics more directly, our former President, Father John J. Cavanaugh, used to ask: "In the matter of obtaining an education, what is so sacred about money? Here are two boys. Both have the ability and the desire to obtain a good education. The father of one boy has money. This boy

is welcome at the University. The father of the other boy is poor, but the boy himself has developed his natural athletic abilities in difficult and typically American competition. This boy would like to represent some great school in intercollegiate athletics. He is also willing to study, to keep the rules, and to work as much as possible. Why should the first boy be given the access to an education because of something his father has, and the second boy refused if he offers the school something useful to it that he himself has developed—whether it be athletic ability, debating ability, musical or dramatic ability?"

Some will counter the argument: "But intercollegiate athletics today are commercial exploitation." To this I would reply that in the case of a private university like Notre Dame, a quarter of a million dollars athletic income in a good year makes a small contribution to an annual operating budget of \$11,600,000.00. Our athletic income has always helped to face the deficit and to improve the educational facilities for all the students who pay only about 63% of the cost of running the University. With no outside support from Church or State (except Governmental research grants), any contribution looks good, even an athletic one.

Then, the critic adds, you have the temptation to commercialize athletics to pay the bills. To answer this, I return to my opening principle. There are no insurmountable temptations or dangers in intercollegiate athletics if the basic working principle is: Always consider first the boy and his education. I will not deny the temptation to get the life paid. For example, during the past twenty-five years, we have had the offer of a post-season bowl game almost every year, with a possible total income of millions of dollars. We had four offers for post-season games last year alone. Notre Dame did play a bowl game in 1925. We will not play another. Why not? Because, as far as our students are concerned, we know that they cannot be engaged in so exciting a pursuit as football for three quarters of a semester and still maintain a 77% average. If they do not have the required average, either they do not play the next year, or we lower our standards, and then they stop getting diplomas. Like most temptations if I might indulge in a little theology, this one involves a whole chain of further temptations. We don't want to start walking down that road. Because if we apply our basic principle of the boy's interest first, we cannot play one bowl game, and then a series of bowl games, de-

spite the financial rewards involved.

The same principle applies in the case of medical care of athletes. The University doctor, not the coach, decides when a boy can or cannot play at Notre Dame. Another application of the principle might offend a few more experts, but here goes.

Most of the experts agree that there should not be a try-out of a prospective athlete before he receives a scholarship. But the same experts allow schools to grant a great number of one-year provisional scholarships, so that the coach may try out many boys for a year and then drop all but the best. The poor goats who were king for a day are then finished with college or have the poor prospect of trying to obtain a scholarship at another school with failure already riding behind them and only two years of eligibility left.

PRINCIPLE WITH ITS

I do believe that if this basic principle of considering the boy and his education first were generally and consistently applied, it would automatically eliminate every major abuse in intercollegiate athletics. But the cynic still must ask: Can this principle be applied generally and consistently? Granting intelligence and moral courage on the part of most top university administrators, I would say that the principle can be applied with the following list:

- 1) If educators really believe in the importance of even one boy's life, and the impact of his total college experience on his life;
- 2) If there is such a passion for institutional integrity that no price can buy it, and all victories and achievements are hollow without it;
- 3) If directors of athletics and coaches are not unmercifully pressured for victories, remembering that after all, even football is still a game, and one side always loses, even though we must always say the other won;
- 4) If directors of athletics and coaches are really brought into the family of educators, for they might as well be training horses in a ring if their work has no educational impact on the lives of the boys they coach.

In closing, I should like to mention one important point. My nonexpert attempt at assessing a rather difficult situation is meant to be constructive rather than critical of other people or institutions. Intercollegiate athletics are too valuable a part of American college life, too sadly missing in the educational life of other countries, to be ruined here by uninformed critics or falsified by sophomoric praise.



SIGNING THE CONTRACT, new head coach Terry Brennan takes over football's top job with smiling approval of Father Hishough and Athletic Director Mons. Kavanagh.



WOMEN FENCERS from Australia, Canada, England, New Zealand, Wales performed before attentive men judges in Lord Byng High School gymnasium.

VANCOUVER FUN & GAMES

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARK KALLERMAN

Through the fact was almost lost in the glare of publicity surrounding the celebrated "role of the century," this summer's British Empire & Commonwealth Games were much more than a big track meet. Hundreds of fencers, boxers, wrestlers, cyclists, swimmers, canoeists and lawn bowlers came to mountain-bordered Vancouver from all over the world. They met in friendly combat before the camera's eye—in school and civic gymnasiums, at a new pool, a new velodrome, a countryside rowing course, and on lovely flower-bordered turf—in a true carnival of amateur sport.



BICYCLE RACERS from 40 parts of the Empire compete from on specially built track with straightaways paralleling the

mountain's cold, wooded ("hotter" natural) 42-man right-of-way, like the sides of a giant stair.



LAWN BOWLERS from as far away as South Africa and Hong Kong, many in their 60s and 70s, assembled on the rose-bordered lawns of Vancouver's new Westminster Bowling Club to go through the paces of their favorite sport, which include easygoing bowling, a little walking and amiable conversation among the bowlers.



GUISSEPPE MORAN LEAPED INTO THE PUBLIC EYE (AND OUT OF THE TOURNAMENT) WHEN SHE WORE THESE LACE PARTIES AT WIMBLEDON

SOMETHING FOR THE GIRLS . . .

. . . advice, that is, from Guiseppe Moran. Partly because cameramen paid more attention to her backside than her backhand, Guiseppe became a professional tennis player. She doesn't recommend it.

by **GUISSEPPE MORAN** as told to **DEIRDRE BUDGE**

RECENTLY Mae West was asked why she had an all-male, muscle-man chorus line. Said Mae:

"It's just a little something for the girls."

This letter is a little something for the girls too . . . advice (big word), and it's slanted toward all girl tennis players who may be entertaining the thought of turning professional. It's the time of year when such thoughts jump (or are pushed) into a lot of heads, particularly heads attached to bodies that have won major championships like Wimbledon or Forest Hills. But Maureen Connolly and Doris Hart aren't the only girls in danger—it can happen to anyone. It even happened to me, and I never won either Wimbledon or the U.S. National.

I slid into professional tennis on the seat of my pants.

So what's wrong with turning pro and making all that wonderful money? After all, you travel with old friends, you see America, you play the game you love, you can sell endorsements, and you can keep it up almost forever. (Tilden did, didn't he?) Or if you want to go back to the pretty green grass of Newport or Wimbledon, you can get reinstated as an amateur. (Berkeley Bell and Noel Brown did, didn't they?) Gather round, girls, and listen to my story . . .

It begins in England where a designer named Teddy Tinsling made a tennis dress for me to wear at Wimbledon. When I saw it I said:

"But Teddy, where are the pants?"

Teddy said: "Good God, Guiseppe, pants would ruin the lines of the dress!"

I insisted. Teddy remonstrated. Finally he gave in—but not all the way in. When the pants arrived, they were trimmed with lace. I wore this costume to Hurlingham, the social event just preceding Wimbledon which is attended by both the press and the players, and posed for pictures there. The press thought the lace was a jelly idea, and from that day on I found more attention being focused on my backside than on my backhand.

Usually when sports photographers are snapping tennis players in action, they try to get a shot of an overhead smash, a running forehand or a cross-court backhand . . . but not with

me. After Hurlingham they were all stretched out flat on the grass squealing, "LEAF, Gumie!" And so in accommodating these art lovers I found myself leaping when I shouldn't, and I leaped my way out of the tournaments.

In spite of the fact that I didn't win I received a tremendous amount of publicity. Consequently in 1918, after all my "panto press," I was approached by Bobby Riggs, a former tennis champion turned promoter, who made me an offer to turn professional that year and go on a tour before the interest in my form faded. But I was stubborn. I still wanted to win Wimbledon ... every player's dream.

The next year, after competing in tournaments all over the world and winning the National Indoor Championships at home, I was back at Wimbledon ready to try again. I played much better than I had the preceding year but only reached the semifinals. Even though I didn't wear lace, I still got a lot of publicity and I began receiving attractive offers to endorse things, all the way from soft drinks to, of all things, underpants.

Somewhere I wished I could remain an amateur and play in all the tournaments but manage to accept the money from endorsements. It didn't have to be pointed out to me that I couldn't have both. In my heart I never pictured myself as a touring pro. The thought of appearing day after day in front of crowds of people, who had paid money just to see ME play, made my stomach float. It still does. But then Bobby Riggs came around again and so did the mailman with another batch of endorsement plans ...

IN THE SHADOWS

On the night of October 20th, 1920 as I stood in the shadows at Madison Square Garden waiting to be introduced in my professional debut, I tried to push all doubts and regrets from my mind. I was excited and very nervous and all I could think about was trying to play well. My opponent on tour, Pauline Betz, was introduced first. Promoter Riggs presented her proudly as "... Pauline Betz, World's Amateur and Professional Champion, Champion of the United States, Europe, Australia, holder of many world titles, and one of the greatest women tennis players of all time ..." Pauline ran out happily on the court amidst a great burst of applause.

Then Bobby introduced me: "... And Gorgeous Gumie Moran ... Hard Court Champion of Egypt, Former



Indoor Champion of the United States, Champion of India this year ... and famous the world over for wearing lace position at Wimbledon!

I ran out on the court. I heard applause and then I thought I'd fainted but it was only the lights going out. The bright spotlight shone on the line and they played the *Star-Spangled Banner*. My knees were knocking so hard and my heart was pounding so loud that I could barely hear Riggs whispering hoarsely in my ear, "You



MAKING PRO DEBUT. *Gumie* looked fine in gold-banded pants but played badly and was beaten by Champion Pauline Betz.

SIGNING PRO CONTRACT. *Gumie* was happy and so was Promoter Bobby Riggs, who had set up national tennis tours.

can do it, Gumie! You can beat her ... go out there and win!"

Pauline heard him too.

The only other time my knees ever knocked like that was when I was in high school and was learning to drive a car. The current teen-age heart-throb was Van Johnson and I remember thinking he was a perfect choice. I had finally mustered the courage to solo in a borrowed car and was doing fine until I recognized Van walking along the sidewalk. My knees started to knock together uncontrollably and the car headed slowly and jerkily straight for Van. I almost ran him down but fortunately the car stalled just in time.

SHAKY-NERVOUS GUMIE

This time I was the one who got run down. I honestly don't remember a point of the match. I read about it the next day in the papers like someone who had not been there. The papers referred to me as "the shaky-nervous Gumie," a very accurate description. They reported that I had been shellacked, 6-0, 6-3. The paper said, "Gumie wore all white save for a green ribbon which held a pigtail. Her sleeveless white jacket had a plunging neckline. Her skirt was pleated with a slit down the middle revealing tight-fitting white nylon panties with a little gold band around each leg. There was no lace. In fact there was practically no pants."

I don't know whether my pair showing or the pants publicity upset Riggs more. The sportswriters were so preoccupied with my underwear that they hardly mentioned the lively match between Jack Kramer and Pancho Segura.

continued on page 47



HEALTH

MAN IN MOTION

He rides, flies and sails for sport. Now his upset stomach can enjoy the trip thanks to a number of new potions which take the bumps out of the bumps

SINCE the days when he swung from tree to tree, man has worked on the problem of improving his methods of travel. Today he travels faster and farther than ever; this often makes him happy, sometimes makes him money and frequently makes him useful. It also makes him sick. Nausea causes millions of travellers to long for a return to the reassuring ground, if not the tree. Technically known as motion sickness, this complaint classically afflicts seafarers but can also cause unhappiness on a toboggan, a golf buggy, a roller coaster or a walking horse.

NOBODY IS IMMUNE

The seaborne version must have been known at the time Noah shored off in his ark bound for Mount Ararat. Its annoying, sometimes prostrating discomforts restrict many passengers to their cabins throughout the entire voyage of huge ocean liners; it also keeps hordes of weekend yachtsmen glued to the rail. Motion sickness was recorded by early explorers swaying along on the backs of camels as they lurched through the desert sands; today it strikes children galloping up and down on the merry-go-round. Even a smooth flight aboard a four-engine transport often requires the soothing ministrations of the stewardess. Family outings grind to a halt while the car pulls off the road to allow Junior time to quiet his turbulent stomach. Nobody is immune to motion sickness if the motion is rough enough.

A dull pallor (the sort that used to be called pool-ball) is often the first external sign of oncoming motion sickness. Then the skin may grow cold and

clammy, the mouth sticky. Drowsiness seizes the body but the sweet ease of sleep is denied by the growing restlessness of the stomach. The queasy march toward actual vomiting has begun.

Until World War II motion sickness was more or less accepted as a necessary evil of the advances of transportation. But when 250,000 sailors spent an average of eight days apiece in sick bay with motion sickness; when troops who circled an island in assault boats for hours before the attack were found to be virtually useless when they reached the beaches; when airmen arriving over a target after five or six hours of flying were hampered by dizziness and heaving stomachs, the armed forces initiated an all-out attack on this enemy agent. Fortunately a good deal was already known, even though not much had been done.

For example, it had been firmly established that balance in the human body is largely maintained by the inner ear, a pea-shaped bony labyrinth about the size of a small key. This built-in human gyroscope becomes irritated when subjected to four kinds of motion—sway, yaw, roll and pitch. Sway is a rising and falling such as might be experienced on an airplane in bumpy weather. Yaw is that sickening pendulum-like swing which a quartering wind produces in a boat. Roll, the least distressing motion, is side-to-side rocking such as a fast train develops. Pitch, the most troublesome of the motions, is a rocking back and forth in the line of travel, like that produced on a ship heaving into the waves. These movements may be combined but any one of them is sufficient to dis-

turb the inner ear. This organ communicates its displeasure to other parts of the body including the epigastrium or pit of the stomach, where the complaint is painfully localized.

The World War II studies acknowledged that other elements such as vision contribute to the sense of equilibrium but they also confirmed the basic rule of the inner ear. It was found that people suffering from inner ear defects or deafness proved immune to motion sickness. The survey revealed that although one could build up a certain amount of adjustment to motion sickness by continued flying or sea duty, any prolonged stay on land wiped out this adjustment. Psychological factors were ruled out. The person who gets sick as soon as he boards a ship is not a victim of a phobia; he is so sensitive that he reacts even to the slight motion of a boat tied up at a pier.

A number of old sailors' remedies—raw pork, herring soup, red herrings, breathing in when the ship rises and exhaling when it falls, or vice versa—were found to be without value.

A HAPPY ACCIDENT

The armed forces tried a number of pills and powders, some of which helped but none of which worked for everybody. After the war ended, research seemed to have reached a dead end. No new drugs showed much promise and the urgency of solving the problem subsided with the hot shots. The would-be traveler was still on his own.

Progress in medicine generally emerges from long investigations in a laboratory, but occasionally a happy accident provides the means to hurdle



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MOTION SICKNESS *continued*

a barrier. So it has been with motion sickness. Six years ago a patient in a Baltimore clinic received Dramamine, an antihistamine, for an allergy. When she returned to the clinic the next day she told doctors that for the first time she had made the half-hour trolley car ride without suffering a queasy stomach. The doctors continued the Dramamine and were even more astonished when—along with her allergy—the patient's car sickness vanished entirely.

The fight against motion sickness revived and a joint Air Force-Navy-Army project was launched under Dr. Herman Chinn of the USAF School of Aviation Medicine, Randolph Field, Tex. Dr. Chinn and his associates fed dozens of different drugs to armed forces personnel and then sent them whirling about in mechanical swings, bouncing along in special "bump run" aircraft missions and sailing across the Atlantic in troop transports.



From these tests came a handful of drugs which significantly curtail motion sickness and yet have no disastrous side effects such as have been experienced with some preparations. One of the best preventatives is Benamine. One dose provides protection for 24 hours. Other preparations which are also effective are Lorgigan, Parafidol, Marcaine, Multigan, Benadryl and hyoscine. The latter, when sprayed in the nostrils, will calm a troubled stomach even after motion sickness has already set in. These drugs, Dr. Chinn proved, protect 50-80% of those who normally become ill. Only consolation for the other 20%: nobody ever has actually died from motion sickness—though many, at the time, wish they would.

YOU SHOULD KNOW: if you are getting a bicycle

The new bicycle age

You may not know it, but you are living in a new age of bicycling. Today there are about 22,000,000 cyclists in the U.S., roughly ten times as many as in the gay and bicycling 90s. The popularity of bicycles is immense and their functions are varied. They will take you almost anywhere—to work, to school or to many wonderful places on cycle tours. This year American cyclists, pedaling about 400 power strokes to the mile, will travel more than seven billion miles, the equivalent of 240,000 trips around the earth at the equator.

* * *

All kinds of bikes...

When the first American bicycle was built in 1877 at Hartford, Conn., it sold for \$313. Today bikes can be bought for anything between \$25 and \$80, and come in an infinite variety of colors, sizes and styles. For all their variety, bikes can be classified roughly into two types—standard and lightweight.

* * *

... for all ages

The standard model, made of welded heavy steel tubing and equipped with balloon tires, has certain advantages for children. It is durable and can take rough pounding that youngsters are apt to give it. It comes equipped with the regulation coaster brake, and, in junior sizes, usually costs less than the lightweight.

The lightweight is a European bike. It was re-introduced to this country after the war and has enjoyed immense popularity, particularly among those who like cycle touring. Three-speed gears and reduction in weight by nearly 50 percent over standard models make the lightweight the easiest bike to ride. A minimum expenditure of energy will take you a maximum distance. Most models are equipped with hand brakes, but for children who can't handle these some coaster-brake lightweights are available.

* * *

Get a good fit

Proper fit of a bicycle is very important for children. Never get a bike for your youngster to "grow into." When children are learning to ride, they must have an exact fit so that they can control the cycle easily. Standard bicycles come in four sizes, according to wheel diameter: 16 inches for ages four to six, 20 inches for ages six to eight, 24 inches for ages eight to eleven and 26 inches for all ages over eleven. On the two smaller sizes, outrigger balancing wheels are available.

* * *

Learn the rules

Before you take to the road, familiarize yourself with all the bicycle regulations in your locality. Most places have bike ordinances and regular procedures for registering and licensing bikes. The police department is usually in charge of these. Consult them for complete details.

* * *

Ride safely...

All bike riders would do well to memorize these basic safety rules:

1. Observe all traffic regulations, signals and signs.
2. Ride single file to the right at a safe distance behind vehicles.
3. Display a white light in front, a red light or reflector in the rear at night.
4. Use a signaling device, such as a horn or bell, to warn of your approach.
5. Give pedestrians the right of way and avoid riding on sidewalks.
6. Look out for cars pulling into traffic lanes, and watch for opening doors on parked cars.
7. Never hitch on other vehicles or race or stunt in traffic.
8. Never carry riders. Don't carry parcels that obstruct your view.
9. Keep your bike in perfect running order, especially the brakes.
10. Slow down at intersections and look both ways before crossing.
11. Use proper hand signals for turning and stopping.
12. Ride in a straight line. Don't weave or swerve suddenly in traffic.

* * *

... and take it easy

Take it easy if you are a novice rider or taking up cycling again after a layoff. Give your muscles time to limber up and get used to the exercise.

(continued on next page)

YOU SHOULD KNOW *continued*

You'll go farther with less effort if you pedal evenly with a steady rhythm. For proper pedal action, place the ball of the foot on the pedals and flex your ankles at the top and bottom of the stroke. Keep an even tension on the chain. Don't let your shoulders wobble or it will make the bike unsteady. Look straight ahead, holding your head still and gripping the handle bars naturally. Keep the saddle in a comfortable position to avoid cramping your legs. Most riders adjust the saddle so that the heel rests lightly on the pedal at the bottom of the stroke, with legs fully extended.

• • •

Care for your bike

Be good to your bike and it will give you years of pleasure. Simple care will keep it in good running order. Lubricate wheel and pedal bearings regularly with a light oil, cleaning them beforehand with gasoline or kerosene. Oil the chain links frequently to keep them flexible and so prevent slippage on the sprocket. Wipe off water and mud to prevent corrosion. Have your brakes cleaned and checked often by your bicycle service agency. It's best to have your bike inspected by trained bicycle mechanics twice a year. In most cases, the inspection is a free service.

• • •

On tour

For cycle tours, you'll want a lightweight touring bike with small tires (1.375- to 1.5-inch width) and three-speed rear hub. The size of the bike frame depends on your size: 21 inches for persons under five feet nine inches tall, 23 inches for five ten to six feet and 24 inches for the six-footers. Travel light, carrying all equipment in bike saddle bags over the rear wheel where they won't get in your way. Try to keep the weight of your equipment under 25 pounds if possible. You'll be glad you did when you start climbing hills.

• • •

What to wear

Touring cyclists will do well to wear sweater and shorts for daytime riding, but jacket and head covering should be on hand in case of sudden weather changes and cool evenings. For winter touring, ski trousers are excellent, because they have no loose cuffs to catch in the chain. Wear heavy socks in all seasons and roomy underclothing that will allow free movement. Regular cycling shoes are highly recommended. They are properly balanced and built so the foot will be better held for the pedaling motion.

• • •

What to eat

You'll need plenty of nourishing food on tour, and you'll need it often. It's good practice to break up your ride by eating a little every two or three hours. Between meals, sweets, nuts and raisins are good sources of quick energy. Liquid refreshment on the road should be hot regardless of season—hot tea with plenty of sugar, hot soup or even hot wine if nothing else is available. Cyclists should drink no ice water and should avoid carbonated drinks. In consuming sandwiches, meat or eggs on your tour, use as much salt as is palatable to replace what you lost through perspiration.

• • •

Bike clubs...

There are hundreds of bicycle clubs in the U.S. Inquiries at local bicycle stores will lead you to one in your area. If there is none and you'd like to form one, the Bicycle Institute of America, 122 East 42nd St., New York 17, N.Y., will be glad to give you some suggestions. Particulars and directions are available. Just write.

• • •

...and national organizations

In addition to the B.I.A., which is devoted to every phase of cycling for fun, health and transportation, there are three specialized national groups you may want to consult, depending on the use to which you plan to put your cycling ability. The Amateur Bicycle League of America, 42-30 260th St., Bayside, N.Y., is headquarters for all racing cyclists. The League of American Wheelmen, 244 N. Dearborn Ave., Chicago 44, Ill., concerns itself with the welfare of touring cyclists. And for all bike enthusiasts in search of inexpensive lodging facilities, American Youth Hostels, 6 East 39th St., New York 16, N.Y., is at your service.

by The Know-it-all



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If you like Sports Illustrated, you've got lots of company!

Remember all those enthusiastic letters and telegrams from readers we reprinted in the third issue of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED? They're still pouring into our office. Praise . . . suggestions . . . some brickbats, too—but all tossed with the same high spirits.

Now here's another kind of enthusiasm. On this page are photographs of a few of the more than 300 stores throughout the country who had over 1,500 window displays featuring SPORTS ILLUSTRATED during its first week of publication.

Naturally, we're mighty pleased about all this.

These merchants concluded that the need for a quality sports magazine like this one was so clear, and the response from the public was bound to be so positive, they simply couldn't miss stopping crowds.

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And what's been happening in these stores is going to make the advertising pages of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED a wonderful market place for all those goods to be bought and used and worn by people in a mood for having fun.

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CADDY FOR THE BOSS

Young John Mollard of Englewood's Cherry Hills carries the clubs for a "really solid golfer" named Eisenhower

DENVER, COL.

ONE afternoon last week a foursome headed briskly up the slope that leads to the green of the water-hazarded 18th hole at Cherry Hills Country Club in Englewood, just outside of Denver. Off in the majestic distance were the triple-decked Rockies, with their fleeting suggestion of a mammoth Yankee Stadium with a wrinkled roof. Watching, in just about utter silence, were a half dozen club members, a couple of club officials and a peppering of U.S. Secret Service men trying their damndest to act like golf ball salesmen on a human's holiday.

A CADDY WITH A COMBOW LOOK

A few yards short of the green a stoupe man with military bearing and a very slight paunch got out of one of those \$160 electric auto-stems which practically eliminate walking for the golfer. He wore a white cap, a light-gray polo shirt and pale tan slacks. Waiting for him was a blue-pained caddy with a real cowboy look.

The caddy rocked his ear as the man spoke, then pulled out an iron from the huge black-and-gray bag slung over his shoulder. The man took it, flicked the grass tops with a practice swing and clipped neatly on to the green.

"The Boss had the touch that time," said Buster Core, assistant pro at the club. One of the Secret Service men nodded.

President Dwight David Eisenhower sank his putt on the final hole, and as he handed the delicate weapon to the caddy he said something private to him and laughed. The caddy smiled back, said nothing, and departed quickly to go about his business—taking the big black-and-gray bag out back of the pro shop to wash and wipe the grass-stained irons of the President after another round of golf was over.

The caddy's name is John Mollard, 18, a high school junior. He lives in Englewood, about 10 miles outside of Denver and he's caddied at Cherry

Hills five years counting this one. But this one really shouldn't count. Because he got promoted to a job in the pro shop and now he only caddies for one particular golfer: The Boss, the name by which President Eisenhower is constantly referred to around Cherry Hills.

John never calls him The Boss, though. He always calls him "Mister President" when speaking of him, and always "Sir" to his face. He was taken by complete surprise when this plum of a job was handed to him. He had no idea what was up until two weeks before the President's arrival in Denver. Then, one morning when he walked into the pro shop to go to work, he was called aside by Buster Core.

"The President's coming," Buster said, "and you're going to be his caddy."

John didn't swallow any gum because he didn't happen to be chewing any at the moment. But he took a pretty big gulp of air and to this day he can't remember if he said anything at all or just stood there looking stunned.

He never knew it (and still doesn't unless he reads this) but he won the job only after a careful pro shop screening of half a dozen topflight caddies. He won it on the basis of what he'd shown in four years on the fairways. It was Buster Core who made the final choice, after parconers with Rip Arnold, the head pro.

"ONE OF THOSE BARE KIDS"

"John got it," Buster says, "because he's one of those rare kids who's on the ball all the way. He's a real clean character, besides being just about as conscientious as the President himself. And full of ambition too. Believe me, we did a whole lot of thinking around this shop before we picked the guy for this job."

As for the President's opinion of John, it turned out to be short, sweet



JOHNNY MOLLARD AND PRESIDENTIAL CLUBS

and quick. Right after the first outing of these two (during which John admits he had a stomach full of butterflies) the President said to Buster and Rip: "John is not only a good caddy, he's a fine boy." Later on, as the President and John began to feel more at home with each other, the "John" sometimes turned into a familiar "Johnny."

HE LINES THE GUY

On the other side of the fence, John has by now taken a long, close-up look at the No. 1 man in the country and—without showing the least trace of awe at The Boss's current job, or getting spooky about it—he really likes the guy.

"Mister President," Johnny says, "plays a nice, fast game—something any caddy appreciates. When he's on his game, he's a really solid golfer. Take today, on that 18th hole—it's 386 yards, par 4. Well, Mister President banged one almost straight down the middle for better than 325, and he was on the green in two with an 8 iron. That's shooting."

John, of course, might be prejudiced in The Boss's favor by the fact that he's never yet been bawled out by him. But on the other hand, trying to be honest, he can't remember having made any real blunders either. The biggest charge he gets in caddying for his guy is when The Boss asks advice on the selection of an iron for a vital shot.

"What do you think, Johnny?" the President will sometimes inquire earnestly. "A No. 7? A No. 8 maybe?"

John thinks pretty seriously when something like this comes up, and always gives a very definite opinion. When the President follows his advice and makes a good shot in so doing, he makes John feel like just about the biggest brain that's come along since Einstein.

The two main points that Rip Arnold made clear to John before he



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tackled this job were that he should talk to The Boss as little as possible and never make him wait on a shot. To ease John's early tension, Rip was around the first time they went out together and that sort of helped.

John is a fair golfer himself, though he doesn't get a chance to play much now that he works in the pro shop. He shoots in the low 90's and thinks he could do a lot better if he put in more time at it, although he's had with the woods.

With the President's clubs disposed of, he went inside the shop to go back to work on the regular job. A twoosome was waiting to tee off. John fetched their clubs and took them out back to the yard where the caddies waited. As John handed them over, four cars in a tightly knit caravan headed out of the Cherry Hills driveway. There were three small sedans and a big, black limousine in front.

"There he goes," John said, with a little rise of excitement in his voice. "He sure is one of those golfers it's easy to caddy for. You don't bump into them too often."

Probably not, though caddies no doubt bump into them a little more often than they bump into Presidents.

—DAVID DAVIES

OUT OF CHARACTER



THE GRAND SLAMMER

Even now a lot of people recognize this fellow on a golf course. He retired from competitive golf 24 years ago after winning the four top titles open to amateurs. A frail child who gained health on the fairway, he was plagued by a nervous stomach in tournaments. But he explained, "I had to be nervous and jittery or I would not play well." So well did he play that it is generally agreed the greatest amateur golfer of all time was:

—MARTIN ARTHUR



ROYAL & ANCIENT & ALWAYS

St. Andrews, birthplace of golf, celebrates its 200th year

by HERBERT WARREN WIND

LAST WEDNESDAY, the 22nd, the members of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews held their annual "autumn meeting." As the clock on the century-old sandstone clubhouse signaled eight o'clock in the evening, the incoming captain of the club stepped up on the first tee and drove himself into office. The members of the R & A, who come from all of the six continents, then played their rounds on the Old Course, and in the evening, with all the former captains decked out in their pink coats, everyone sat down to the traditional hamper banquet. Since the R & A has long been to golf what Rome is to art, the autumn meeting is always an occasion, but this year it carried more significance than usual: the club's first autumn meeting was held 200 years ago.

A RECTAR PENMAN

The Royal and Ancient, to be exact, was 200 years and four months old last Wednesday, for it was in the May of 1754 that "22 noblemen and gentlemen" banded together and formed their club. Contrary to general belief, they were not absolute pioneers. Ten years earlier the Honorable Company of Edinburgh Golfers (who play today at Muirfield) had organized the first modern golf club, but the St. Andrews group was blessed with a succession of natural leaders who lived primarily to make their club pre-eminent, and slowly but surely they did. The number-one go-getter was a Scot with the fine posthumous name of Major Murray Belsham, who began to operate in 1834 when the club still went by its original title, the Society of St. Andrews Golfers. A rectar penman if there ever was one, Major Belsham, after a long correspondence with King William IV's secretary in which he refused to honor the secretary's insinuation of "Don't write me; I'll write you," at length prevailed on the king to become the club's pa-

tron and to approve the club's calling itself the Royal and Ancient.

The newly royal club then began its conquest of other distinctions. Up to the mid-19th century, Scottish golf clubs had more or less followed their own individual rules. There was a need for standardization, and most clubs agreed to adopt the R & A's. By the 1890's, clubs formed in England and on the European continent had fallen into line and the R & A came to be recognized as the game's official governing body, a position it occupies today for golfers in all corners of the world, except those living in the United States and our outlying possessions who take their direction from the U.S. Golf Association. Coincidentally, the R & A gradually took over the stewardship of the Open (which had been inaugurated by Prestwick) and Amateur (born at Hoylake) and the various other national championships. For all of the examples of bunions like Major Belsham, the R & A, when all is said and done, rose to the top-banaranship of golf not because it outcompeted oth-

er proud clubs, but rather because the other clubs were open-minded enough to realize the R & A had unique qualifications for leadership. It was the most national club—golfers from all over the island had made it their second club. Furthermore, and maybe first of all, it was situated in St. Andrews.

There is only one "St. Andrews," as the Scots pronounce the sacred town. If you love golf, you really do find it the truest flavor and spirit in St. Andrews and on the Old Course. The old gray town, poised on a craggy bluff, lies on the eastern tip of Fifehire about 18 miles from Edinburgh as the Kru-fits. A university town, its population today is about 9,000. Seventy-five per cent of its residents—man, woman and bairn—play golf on the four courses that lie below the bluff on a finger of wind-whipped linkland hemmed in by St. Andrews Bay and the estuary of the River Eden.

OLD INDESTRUCTIBLE

Reading from left to right, as you look down from the town, there is the Eden Course (built in 1914), the Old Course, the New Course (1894), and the Jubilee Course (1946). The three "new" courses have been built on reclaimed land, the sand tossed up by the sea as it retreated over the past two centuries. When the Old Course was laid out, water washed up to its edges and the original finger of linkland was hardly wide enough for two fairways abreast. Hence, the holes of the Old Course marched in a straight line and single file, as it were, to the tip of the finger where they described a loop and then marched home again, an incoming fairway merged with an outgoing one, huge double greens (some of them over an acre) cut for two pin positions, so as to serve both an incoming and outgoing hole. This longstringbean of a layout, its fairways billowing seas of grass-covered dunes, with bunkers frequently set smack in the middle of a fairway, has stood the test of time and the challenge of change like no other course in the world. John Low, writing at the turn of the century, aptly called it "indestructible."

The Old Course is common land, owned by the town, but it is also the ward of the Royal and Ancient, and perhaps this is the fundamental reason why the club reigns so rightfully and vitally as the headquarters of world golf. When you play the course today, you walk the same turf which, at one time or another, just about every great golfer has trod since the game was born.

SPORTS COURT

Is a golfer liable for diving his ball and sending it sideways into the eye of his partner standing to his right, instead of on to the green straight ahead?

No, said the Missouri Appellate Court, because "no player has ever achieved such perfection in the game that he does not occasionally back or slice a ball . . . To hold that a golf player was negligent because the ball did not leave in a straight line, as intended by him, would be imposing upon him a greater duty of care than the Creator endowed him with facilities to carry out."

GROUSE SHOOT

ON THE Glorious Twelfth of August, all of Britain looks north to Scotland and the opening of the grouse-shooting season. Trains from the south are loaded with hunters headed for the moors. Like many landed Scotsmen, Captain Albany Compton Farquharson, Laird of Invercauld, opens his 360,000-acre Aberdeenshire estate for the August-to-November season to paying guests. For \$100 per week they can hunt the grouse and partridge, fish the salmon in the River Dee—and later stalk the red deer on lands adjoining those of Balmoral, the Queen's estate. Among this year's hunters at Invercauld was a group of New Yorkers: John and Scoddard Horn, Mrs. John W. Horn, Mr. and Mrs. E. Tunnickill Fox. For the 15-mile walk-ups in the rain-soaked heather, they found English shooting tweeds more practical than American field clothes. In feudal splendor, they feasted on roe-buck and red deer, were afterwards piped to bed by the castle piper.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PHILIP STEWART



SIR ROBERT HOWE DOWN A GROUSE



JOHN HORN had Scott Adie of London make a set of ancient hunting Fraser tartan kilts for him. Although he is entitled to wear them by his Fraser ancestry, he didn't find courage to do so until the last day's hunt. Because of wet heather, kilts, tweed

plus fairs or skirts are the most practical attire on the moors. Here Horn and Sister Lavin de Scott Thorma of Seville, with game keeper John Wright, return from a day on the highest moor at Invercauld—4,600 feet—with bag of partridges.



MRS. JOHN W. HANES and John and Goddard Hanes rest during a day's shoot. Mrs. Hanes's Newmarket boots of waterproof leather and canvas, tweed skirt and Burberry shooting

jacket kept out the Highland weather. Scott & Loe, Ltd., outfitted the Hanes brothers in tweed plus fours, soft tweed hats, hobnailed waterproof shoes, socks. Their shooting jackets are American.



TOM MACPHERSON, one of five Invercauld troopers, wears Invercauld tweed dinner jacket and suit. His shepherd's crook has ram's-horn handle.

MRS. E. TUNNICLIFFE FOX waits for grouse drive in leather-covered stand. Leather-faced American Goid-trial suit was not as practical as a tweed skirt on the soggy moors.

FISHING



PHONE FOR YOUR FISH

The guts of obsolete telephones are raising havoc among catfish

By EMNETT GOWEN

In the summer of 1951 an Alabama conservation officer working below Wheeler Dam saw two men in an old river skiff engaged in a peculiar form of fishing. They dropped a wire and sinker to the bottom, then trailed a second wire over the side of the boat. Both wires were attached to a little machine with a hand crank. As one man turned the crank, catfish began surfacing all around the boat. In a short time the fishermen had a haul of catfish weighing up to 10 pounds.

The officer didn't know whether this form of fishing was illegal. But if it wasn't, he felt it ought to be. He made a pinch. The story of this strange method of catfishing got into the papers, and soon it started cropping up all over the good catfishing areas.

The catfish-catching gadget which wrought such seeming miracles proved to be nothing more than an old-fashioned wall-telephone magnet, the kind that used to ring a bell elsewhere on the line. With an insulated wire connected to its positive pole and lowered to the bottom, and another wire attached to the negative pole and either grounded on an outboard motor or just trailed overboard, the magnet sends a strong shock through the water to which catfish are peculiarly susceptible. They are not killed, nor do other fish react to the shock. "Telephoning" is a catfishing system only.

A THREAT OF DESTRUCTION

In the last few years, however, it has grown to such proportions that it threatens to wipe out the catfish population in some areas. The practice has spread all up and down the TVA dam system, the Mississippi River, up the Ohio and the Missouri and into the hydro-impoundments of Arkansas, Oklahoma and Texas. And the louder the complaints, the more publicity the method gets.

Catfish, categorized in most fish-

and-game laws as rough fish worth no steel limit, had scarcely been considered a sporting matter until the era of hydro-impoundments created concentrations of these fish below dams. At such locations it was found that they could be caught readily on rod and reel. Thousands discovered this new angling after the end of World War II, until telephoning began clearing out the fish.

PASTIMES



STAR-STUDDED CAST

Surf casting along Laguna beach, Wagoner's Soprano Helen Traubel exhibits a great enthusiasm for fishing that goes back to her childhood. Her sports activities also include part ownership of the Baltimore Orioles. At the ball park, she yells so loudly her husband-manager cautions her to four games a year.

The enthusiasm of telephoners is illustrated by the case of an automobile dealer of Corinth, Mississippi. He owned a cruiser on Pickwick Lake in the state's northeast corner, and started telephoning for sport. He caught so many fish that he found himself in business. His personal catches were so great that he reduced the Corinth market price for this prized southern delicacy from 20 cents a pound, live weight, to 10 cents.

At present, fresh-water commercial fishermen preach against telephoning, though many of them practice it. They claim to hate the destruction, yet are compelled into it to meet the competition. Thus individual morality is helpless against the prevalence of telephoning.

THE FISH ARE LEARNING

Hoy Adams, commercial fisherman at Pickwick Dam, near Savannah, Tenn., tells me he finds it no longer possible to make a living taking catfish by legal means. He also says that it is now impossible to catch headloads by means of the telephone. His theory is that the catfish have learned about telephoning. Fish which have survived a shock flee the vicinity when they hear a motor coming or hear the positive wire's sinker bumping along the bottom.

By the beginning of the 1954 season, catfish below Pickwick Dam were so depleted that it was almost impossible to catch one. Visiting anglers felt overboard. Something had to be done, and the Tennessee Game and Fish Commission accordingly announced on July 24 that it was investigating the fish-telephoning situation. Few arrests were made, however; for one thing, it was easy to hide the evidence, by merely dropping it overboard. The Tennessee Conservation League, meanwhile, drafted a bill for the general assembly which would make fish telephoning a felony, punishable by jail.

The most devastating system for shocking catfish to the surface was devised by two Oklahoma fishermen. They wired their lines to their outboard motor magnet. When they started up the motor, catfish surfaced all over the river. In fact, the shock was so great that when the fishermen reached overboard to gather in the harvest, they were promptly knocked into the river themselves, as paralyzed as the fish they caught. Only the timely arrival of a game warden saved them—he shut off their motor and pulled them out. When they came to, he arrested them.

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SHULTON



MAGNIFICATION of a 4-power telescope sight is shown in this photograph made at distance of 80 yards from mounted fox on stone ledge. In actual use a hunter sees a "picture" sharp in its edges, is hardly aware of black controlling ring.

THE UNARMED EYE sees the fox like this—four times smaller than in the top picture, which was made from this spot. Another advantage of 'scope is that in poor light it greatly increases the brightness of objects otherwise dimly seen.

HERE IS THE CASE FOR TELESCOPE SIGHTS

Nothing aids a hunter so much as a modern 'scope sight. In poor light it even helps him shoot game so distant that it cannot be seen by the unaided eye

By PAUL R. WALKER

The telescope rifle sight is not a new invention. Hunters have been using it since the days of the buffalo, but it was not until after World War II, under the impetus of the sudden increase in big-game hunting, that its manufacture became a big business. Since then, far more progress in the development of the hunting 'scope has been made than in the last 100 years, and recently the device received a crowning accolade when it was adopted by the U.S. Marine Corps for its snipers. Considering the importance which the USMC attaches to accuracy in rifle fire, this was proof that the hunting 'scope has finally arrived.

One reason for the slow acceptance of the instrument has been the well-known conservatism of hunters. I have many times watched a man aim a 'scope-sighted rifle for the first time. There are three standard reactions. One is: "I couldn't hit anything with that—the gun wobbles too much." A second is: "I could hit a deer at half a mile with that." The third is: "That gadget wouldn't stand up on a pack trip in the mountains."

All three are wrong. The rifle doesn't wobble any more with a 'scope sight than it does with the fixed iron sights put on by the factory. You think it does because you see so much better how far and how fast the rifle swings on and off the mark. You soon get used to that. Second, hitting a deer at long range requires something more than a 'scope sight; the sight doesn't tell you how to squeeze a trigger. Finally, this sight is not so easily damaged as some old-timers think.

The prime advantage of the 'scope is that you can see so much better with it. If a 4X (4-power) 'scope were perfect you could see the past of a deer you wish to hit at 300 yards as well as you

can see it at 75 yards with the unaided eye. There is some loss of light, amounting to about 15%, in the best 'scopes with coated lenses. But a 4X 'scope enables you to see the target at more than three times the distance you can see the target without it. It leaves you little room for mistaking a fellow hunter for a game animal or mistaking a doe for a buck.

VISION AND TRAJECTORY

Seeing better means more than it used to. In the black-powder days a shot at 150 yards was considered about the limit for a sure hit. At any greater range than a guessed-at 150 yards the high curve of the bullet was against you. Today the bullet of a .370 rifle has a trajectory only one-eighth of that of the .45-70—an old-time favorite—at hunting ranges. If you sight the rifle for 200 yards, your average bullet will be no more than two inches high at 100 and no more than two inches low at 225 yards. And the .30-06 is only a little behind the .270 in flatness of trajectory.

This is important because big game is so much scarcer than it used to be, and also rarer. The chances in open country are longer. It was one thing for a hunter to pass up a shot he thought difficult in a day when he knew he'd get an easier chance in another hour. It's something else for a hunter with only a week or two in big-game country. The long shot may be the only chance he gets before the season closes or he has to go home.

Under most circumstances it's difficult to see a deer beyond 200 yards with the unaided eye well enough to aim at the vital area with only the open sights on a rifle. The deer usually blends with the landscape and your front sight pretty well covers him

up. But you can generally see him well enough with a 'scope sight, and its cross hairs do not cover up too much of him.

Seeing what you are doing is not the only advantage of the 'scope sight. When you use open sights—a notch rear and a bead or blade front sight—you must focus your eye, or rather try to focus it, at three different distances: the rear sight, the front sight and the target. This is quite a feat for a young eye and may be impossible for an old one. If you use a rear peep sight (which you merely look through) you still have to focus your eye on the front sight and the target. There is no such problem with the 'scope. Here you are not actually seeing the target—you are seeing the image of the target. And when the 'scope is properly adjusted the image and the cross hairs are at the same distance—in the same plane.

A GOOD 'SCOPE'S REQUIREMENTS

A good hunting 'scope must meet severe requirements. The picture you see must be bright and clear out to the edge without distortion or color. Most 'scopes—good and poor—give a pleasingly bright picture in summer sunlight. Perhaps the best way to test the comparative brightness of two 'scopes when no special equipment is available is to set them up, pointed at a target, after sundown. Then take repeated looks through both as the light fails. The one with which you can see the target when the light is so far gone that you cannot see it with the other is the better of the two. With a good 4X hunting 'scope at dusk you will be able to shoot game that is invisible to the unaided eye. It is like looking through binoculars with cross hairs added to the field.

Since eyes vary from nearsighted to

faintly and are frequently astigmatic, the 'scopes must have a means of adjustment to the individual eye. It must also have adjustments for elevation and windage—moving vertically and horizontally—so it can be sighted in for the particular rifle and ammunition and the particular distance involved. These adjustments are most commonly provided by two turrets that house calibrated screws with "clicks" indicating the amount of movement. On low-power 'scopes, turning a screw one click usually means half a minute of angle—or changing the bullet's impact $\frac{1}{4}$ inch per 100 yards. Higher-power 'scopes are commonly equipped with quarter-minute clicks that mean $\frac{1}{8}$ inch change per 100 yards.

Though the 'scope with internal adjustments is the typical one, there are a few makers who provide 'scopes with mounts that move the entire instrument precisely instead of adjusting it internally. In trying out two of these I found there was little choice in precision between the adjustable mount and the internal adjustment.

HOW MUCH POWER?

The choice of power in a hunting 'scope is controversial. Formerly most hunters preferred 'scopes of 2½ or 3½ power, largely because the field of view is larger than with higher powered 'scopes. I have even known men who liked a 'scope of no magnification because the field is so large—nearly 100 feet at 100 yards. Such a 'scope might be most useful as a shotgun in the brush in states where rifles are forbidden for deer hunting. The trend, however, is toward 4X 'scopes. Some western hunters, shooting mostly at long range, have gone in for 8X. I like the 4X as the best compromise. The field of view is about 50 feet at 100 yards as against 40 feet for a 3½-power 'scope. But it has seemed large enough to me even at 50 yards.

There are several makers of good hunting 'scope sights in this country

REPRESENTATIVE AMERICAN HUNTING 'SCOPES

MAKE AND MODEL	FIELD AT 100 YARDS	TUBE DIAM.	WEIGHT (OZS.)	PRICE
Bausch & Lomb Beller 2½-4X	34-26.7	1.889"	7½	\$10.00
Bausch & Lomb Beller 4X	26.7	1.889"	7½	\$15.00
Carlson Scope Gunscope 4X	28	submini	8	\$18.00
Leupold Mountaineer 4X	35	8.75"	8½	\$75.00
Leupold Power 4X	35	8.75"	8	\$60.00
Lytan All-American 4X	38	1.689"	9	\$40.00
Lytan Challenger 4X	39	1.814"	13	\$85.00
South Bear Gun 4X Master	39	1.812"	7	\$55.00
South Bear Gun 4X Double	39	1.812"	8½	\$65.00
Norman-Ford Texas 4X	39	1.609"	7	\$45.00
Unertl Hawk 4X	44	1.609"	8½	\$55.00
Weaver 44 4X	31"	1.609"	9½	\$65.00
Weaver 44 4X	26"	7.50"	6½	\$21.50
Weaver RV 2½-5X	25-25	1.889"	11½	\$21.50

at present, and most of them produce a variety of models. You can buy hunting-type 'scopes of 1, 2½, 3, 4, 6, 8 and 10 power. The W. R. Weaver Company makes a 'scope with powers varying from 2½ to 8—a slight turn of a ring changes the power. A recent German 'scope offers powers of from 4 to 10. 'Scopes of 8 and 10 power are mostly used for shooting varmints such as woodchucks, crows and coyotes.

Years ago the best German sights were better optically than any of ours. This is no longer true. In testing several American makes against one of the best German 'scopes I decided that ours had the edge optically. Japanese 'scopes, which are also available and are produced by workmen who get a dollar a day in our money, are beginning to offer competition. So far the Japanese instruments vary greatly in quality—some are pretty good and some are pretty bad.

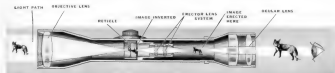
CROSS HAIRS OR POSTS

Having chosen the make and power of the 'scope you want, it remains to choose what is called the reticle or reticle, both words meaning the aiming device. Formerly most men preferred a flat-topped post, probably because it looked like the blade of the iron sight they were used to. Today most prefer cross hairs. They obscure less of the

target than anything else that you can see as well. I like the kind that subdivide—that is cover—one inch of the target per 100 yards. These hairs are easily seen in poor light and do not hide too much of the target. A flat-topped post—the flat top subtending or covering about four inches at 100 yards—is all right. But I've found it hard to "hold" above the game on a long shot with the post because it hides the target much as an iron sight does.

Some men like the center "dot," which resembles a round droplet of water. As far as I know, T. K. Lee, an expert rifle shot of Birmingham, Ala., put the dot on the market. He makes the cross hairs with thread from the female black widow spider (most makers use very fine wire for this). These are incredibly strong for their diameter, and when installed are so fine you can hardly see them. The dot, a droplet of a secret substance resembling shellac, covers the intersection of the cross hairs and seems to be floating unsuspended. It varies in diameter from a size that covers one inch at 100 yards to six inches.

The mount of a 'scope is almost as important as the 'scope itself, and the fact that there are more than 30 different kinds on the market suggests that there is still room for improvement. The mount must stay put. And



CUTAWAY VIEW of typical 4-power hunting 'scope shows where light is transmitted, inverted and then erecting the image of a

bird which appears magnified at a point about three inches behind the 'scope so that hunter's eye won't be hit by beam.

it's highly desirable that it is so designed that the 'scope can be taken off and put back without changing the rifle's zero. There is ordinarily no occasion for taking the 'scope off when on a hunting trip. But it has always seemed to me safer to take the 'scope off the rifle and put it in a suitcase than to leave it on the gun when trusting it to men who load baggage on a plane or train.

The 'scope adds, with its mount, three-quarters of a pound or more to the weight of the rifle. It increases the bulk. But the only important objection to a 'scope is its cost. Some years ago Bill Weaver of El Paso, Texas went into the mass production of 'scopes and produced the lowest-priced ones on the market. It is reliably reported that he now makes more hunting 'scopes than all his rivals put together. Weaver makes a good 4X 'scope that, with a Weaver mount, sells for just under \$65. Some others cost a good deal more—from \$60 to \$140 with mount.

MORE FOR THE MONEY

There are signs that Lyman, long makers of fine-quality 'scopes, have found a way to follow Weaver and to meet Japanese competition. I recently tested a Lyman 4X 'scope that sells for less than \$60 without mount and as far as I could see it was just as good as the previous model which cost nearly twice as much.

Consider for a moment the hunting 'scope's tremendous advantage over ordinary iron sights. It is twilight. A deer on a distant ridge reveals itself briefly, then disappears in light brush. You put up your rifle and the 4-power 'scope quarters your apparent distance from the game as it reveals the deer. The animal tosses its head and the 'scope picks up the flash of antlers. Yet at 200 yards the buck is invisible to the naked eye in the falling light.

How do you know it is 200 yards away? The 'scope is also an accurate rangefinder since the cross hairs at the post cover up a known amount per 100 yards. Say the top of the post covers four inches per 100 yards and a buck is 16 inches deep just behind the forelegs. If the top of the post covered sideways covers half the deer's breast, or eight inches, the buck is 200 yards away, since the post covered double what it would at 100 yards.

There he stands, as clear as though he were only 50 yards away. All you have to do is pick out where you want to hit him, and squeeze the trigger. That's what a good hunting 'scope will do.



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THE MIGHTY STUMPS

Sawbier and huge, they are monuments to the giant sequoias

by JOHN O'BRIEN

A FRIEND of mine returned from California recently all excited about, of all things, a bunch of stumps. It must be admitted that the stumps which so aroused Richard H. Pough, who is head of the Conservation Department of the American Museum of Natural History, were king-sized. In fact they are the biggest in the world, having once supported giant sequoias.

Americans have come to accept the huge sequoias (not to be confused with the coast redwood) as a part of our national heritage. The remaining groves, most of them safe in national parks and forests, have become a botanical wonder. Millions have visited these awesome giants on the western slopes of the Sierra Nevada. But most persons who see them are unaware that these monarchs of the plant world came close to not being saved at all.

AFTER 50 YEARS

Dick Pough wanted to see an area where the big trees had been cut down. He wondered what such a spot would be like more than 50 years after the trees had come crashing to earth. He visited the Converse Basin in the Sequoia National Forest to find out. In this bowl in the mountains there once stood one of the finest groves of Sequoia gigantea. The Converse Basin was logged off at the end of the last century. After the trees were cut down a great fire swept the basin, burning lesser trees and debris left by the lumbering operation.

It was the destruction of this grove that stirred public resentment and led to the preservation of most of the remaining stands. The campaign to save them still continues; only last April, John D. Rockefeller Jr. gave \$1,000,000 to help purchase a forest of giant sequoias, sugar pines and ponderosa pines in California.

The basin—an area of some four square miles—presented a strange

sight. Great stumps dotted the view as though some mighty race had gone away and left wooden monuments. The stumps were 10 to 12 feet high and up to 30 feet in diameter. Solid cylinders of wood, they had out there lifeless but still defying destruction for more than half a century.

"They hadn't even begun to rot," Pough says. "And furthermore, when I went to the spot where an old sawmill had stood, there were piles of sawdust which hadn't rotted either. They're right when they call it the wood eternal."

He prowled around among the stumps, studying them and measuring them. At the edge of the basin, standing on a slope with the magnificent sweep of King's Canyon beyond it, he came upon the Bookle tree, the only mighty specimen which had been left standing. This tree, one of the largest of the living sequoias, has a diameter of 35 feet at its base, and at a point 200 feet above the ground it is 10 feet thick. It is 251 feet six inches tall. This lone giant was named after Frank Bookle, the lumber foreman who issued the order that one big tree in the basin should be left standing.

Pough stood beside it and tried to imagine what the basin was like before the other trees there were reduced to stumps. The Bookle tree and many of the others had been growing for more than 3,000 years.

Looking out over the basin, Pough noticed the only cheerful aspect of the scene: throughout this land of stumps there were young sequoias, mere saplings 60 to 70 feet tall and from 24 to 30 inches in diameter. They were only four or five times as tall as the stumps but they were vigorous and growing.

In order to germinate and thrive the tiny seeds of these trees must fall on bare soil. If they come to rest on the leafmold of the forest floor they won't grow. Fire is one of their soil condi-

tions. The big fire, which swept the basin after the lumbering, had burned away the soil covering and provided the necessary conditions for the seeds to prosper.

Among their many unusual characteristics, the world's largest trees have learned to live with fire and hence stand for centuries. When great conflagrations sweep through the forest they destroy lesser trees, but the sequoias are almost unaffected. Their bark, which is up to two feet thick, will hardly burn. This asbestoslike covering had enabled the trees in the Converse Basin to survive all threats until the loggers came.

FIRE GROVE COMING

It was late afternoon when Pough made his way back over the dirt road. His car got stuck on the way out but he managed to get it going again and finally got back to the groves of living sequoias which are one of America's greatest national playgrounds. He shook his head and smiled as he finished his story.

"Three thousand years from now," he said, "there will be another firegrove of sequoias in the Converse Basin."

ANNIVERSARY



THE ERRANT GIANT

In the pennant stretch, 45 years ago this week, first baseman Fred Merkle pulled baseball's most agonizing homer. With the score tied and two out in the ninth against the contending Cubs, New York scored a runner down third on a single. But Chicago claimed that Merkle, who had been on first, failed to touch second. Agreeing, umpire Hank O'Day called the game a tie. Chicago won the play-off and the pennant.



BASEBALL

HONESTY PAYS

Anyway, it paid for Marty Marion, who called a ball club as he saw it

by RED SMITH

IN THE unlikelyst of classrooms, the front office of a major league club, Martin Whitford Marion learned last week that honesty is the best policy. It is one copybook maxim he can put to the bank and draw checks against.

The moving van which hauled the St. Louis Browns' franchise and duff to Baltimore last winter also carried a contract calling for Marty Marion to manage the team at least one more season. First order of business was a conference between Marion and Arthur H. Ehlers, hired down from Philadelphia to be general manager.

"It is a dreadful ball club," said Marion, who had the quaint notion that his new boss wanted an honest opinion.

Ehlers was aghast. He had thought all along that it was an aggregation of supermen that had run 45½ games behind the Yankees in 1933. Marion sought to console him.

"Although they are very poor hitters," he said, borrowing freely from Ring Lardner, "they are also very poor fielders."

"Defection," Ehlers cried, and ushered Marion to an outboard bus.

Fuzzed, Marion consulted books left over from his year at Georgia Tech. "Honesty's the best policy," wrote Miguel de Cervantes. "I hold the maxim no less applicable to public than to private affairs," said George Washington in his farewell address.

"Always?" Marion wondered, and went and got a job as coach with the Chicago White Sox. Meanwhile Ford Frick advised Baltimore that Marion's salary must be paid in full.

A TRANQUIL SUMMER

Marion had a tranquil summer. He drew a manager's salary from Baltimore. He drew a coach's wage from Chicago. No longer an active player, he suffered not at all from his undisciplined scuffling and his damaged knee or the defeatist attitude which had made him, when he was playing for the Cards, the best shortstop and one of the most resolute competitors of his time.

Summer waned and Paul Richards, manager of the White Sox over four seasons, was signed up to run Baltimore's whole show for the next three years. This created a vacancy with the White Sox, whose ownership decided that the brand of defection unacceptable in Baltimore was plenty good enough for Chicago.

Next year, Marion will draw a manager's salary in Coney Island Park.

What of Baltimore, where Jimmy Dykes, fired rudely by the Athletics, had succeeded Marion? When he took the job, Dykes gave it as his considered opinion that the transplanted Browns required only a bit of pitching here and there to become permanent contenders.

A ROUSING RACE

In 37 baseball seasons, Dykes earned a reputation for fearless candor. There are men whose admiration for Jimmy was not heightened by this low-towing to the Ehlers party line with its implied slur on Marion's spirit.

Furged of defection, Baltimore put up a rousing race with the Athletics for last place. At season's end next Sunday, the Orioles will be 55 or 60 games behind the winning Indians.

Richards took over Ehlers' job, and Dykes's job, too. He said both men might remain with the organization in positions of lesser authority.

Waiting to collect their share of the third-place money the White Sox have won, Marion and Phil Cavaretta have time for long talks together. Cavaretta was manager of the Cubs until last spring when the owner, Phil K. Wrigley, asked him about the team.

Like Marion, Cavaretta answered honestly: the team stunk. He, too, got fired, winding up as a part-time player with the White Sox.

Says Cavaretta to Marion: "Well, I see where the Cubs are finishing seventh."

Says Marion to Cavaretta: "Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again. I read that somewhere, Phil."

KNOW



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REMATCH IS NO MATCH

by BUDD SCHULBERG

New York

IN Nat Fleischer's future encyclopedia of sport you will find that Edward Charles fought Rocky Marciano twice, first on June 17 and again September 17, but the 35,000 who waited out the rain for two days to see the heavyweight title match finally got off last Friday night are not to be fooled by technicalities. They will tell you that Charles fought Rocky only once, and that was in his agonizing, pain-resistant effort three months ago. The 186½-pound Charles who dared to trade punches with the soft-spoken, hard-hitting Champion of the World had the same name and bore some physical resemblance to the passive 189½-pound challenger of last Friday evening. But there similarity ends. In June, Charles the Bold was still in there with the rough and ready Rocky at the end of 15 wild, vivid rounds. Last Friday, Charles the Tender hesitated and lost in less than 34 minutes of indifferent fighting, as Marciano, a pocket-sized Jeffries who bleeds and keeps coming, won as he pleased in an eight-round anticlimax to the show of courage this pair put on in the same Yankee Stadium before a larger audience in June.

Henry James, that elegant man of letters, wasn't in the house last Friday evening, and indeed, as he would say, he would have cringed at the thought of so brutal a spectacle as prize fighting, but he once said something relevant to Charles's half-hearted effort to become the first of eight ex-champions to win it all back. "A second chance," said James, "that's the delusion, there never was but one." After a pleasing



Champion Rocky Marciano "raked the weary ghost of a better Charles . . . until the hapless and now witless former champion



sagged back onto the canvas in a position of abject prayer. There was a wistful, faraway look on his dark, freckly-made face . . ."

first round in which the aging (33) Ezz outboxed the younger-champion, Charles succumbed like a man who agreed with James's disparagement of second chances. As did Conn in his second-time ground with Louis, like Schmeling in his rematch with Joe, and Walcott in his one-round fiasco with Marciano a year ago, Charles was merely going through the motions in this second chance at Marciano.

THE LOOK OF DEFEAT

He was still boxing with some confidence in the second round when Rocky hit Ezz a terrible punch under the heart. The handsome, sherry-skinned, introverted challenger took an inadvertent half step backward. A different look came into his eyes. It wasn't fear that front-rowers read there so much as defeat. "Oh my God," you could almost hear him saying to himself, "now I remember what it was like in June. My head swollen out of itself like an overblown balloon. My eyes lost somewhere in the welled flesh. That frightful hematoma in my cheek. Oh God, now I remember. If I'm not careful it will happen again. My mother will weep when she sees me. A man could even get killed as I once killed poor Sam Baroudi. Or maimed for life like young Carmine Vingo after this same rough-tough Rocky got through with him."

Not as clear as all that, of course, but Charles, a sensitive man who talks to himself without moving his lips, felt more than a single punch as he staggered under that blow to the heart. He felt: I can't win, I was lying to myself with all the brave talk about learning from the first fight and being able to punch harder with the extra pounds and figuring to improve more than Rocky because he's always the same, just a crude, awkward swinger. All those things I told the reporters with an easy smile. But this Rocky has improved. He's hurting me early this time. Last time my ticket to Fairville wasn't punched until the sixth round when I was five big rounds in front. And this is only the second round and—Ezz was down, chopped to the canvas with a series of vicious rights.

THE ATTACK PHASE—ABANDONED

He was up at the count of two but the fight was out of him. He wasn't fighting to win now as he was in the first four minutes. He was running for cover. Backing away. Gene was the careful strategy talked out week after week with Trainer Jimmy Brown and Advisor Ray Kline, with Managers John

Mintz and Tom Tannas. The attack phase of the operation was already abandoned and panic took over from plan. It was a disorderly retreat, from Marciano instead of Moscow.

There weren't more rounds but they were like a superfluous epilogue. K'd out of a play before it's brought to New York. The Charles of June who stood up under the bone crushers in one of the memorable modern exhibitions of stamina and the sponging up of pain, that worthy suddenly had departed the premises and in his place was a more familiar Charles, the Charles of the spiritless road shows with that old trapeze Jersey Joe, Charles the Ferdinand who wished they would open the gate because he really didn't want to hurt anybody and he didn't want anybody to hurt him.

A CHAMPION OUT OF BALLADE

In the sixth round Ezz made a bloody hash of Rocky's nose, a strange, unsightly tipping of flesh that poured blood in a messy flow. It was just the sort of wound that a sharp-jabbing, right-crossing Charles could have exploited, for if Rocky ever blows one it will be an ome that is also widened and deepened by a sharp-shooter. But Ezz was all out of ammunition.

A New York Times literary critic who occasionally doubles as a boxing observer invoked his literary heroes to describe his face heroes in borrowing from a celebrated Hemingway-Fitzgerald exchange to define Marciano and his camp as speaking with the authority of success while Charles speaks with the authority of failure. Now in the sixth round Rocky was even bleeding with the authority of success and Charles was unable to press his advantage because that punishing second round made it painfully and finally tedious to show that his motions were directed by the authority of failure.

In the eighth round Rocky's face came apart a little more as Charles managed to tear open the scar tissue over Rocky's left eye, a memento of their primal battle in June. Rocky's heart, however, remained in one piece. He tore after Ezzard like a Dempsey—or maybe, since he has truly come into his own, like a Marciano, a now familiarly terrible figure, a champion out of the ballade in his ability to remain bloody and unbroken. Charles was down a second time, on his hands and knees as if in unceasing prayer for mercy. Mercy is a word left out of Rocky's fighting vocabulary. He rubbed the weary ghost of a better Charles with lefts and rights until the hapless

and now witless former champion sagged back onto the canvas in a position of abject prayer. There was a wistful, faraway look on his dark, finally made lace as Referee Al Bert reached the count of nine. He was up at "10" but a fraction of a second too late, recalling Walcott's turdy ascent in his torrid Chicago one-rounder. The doubting Thomases and Jimmys of the press row were of the opinion that Ezzard had chosen to sit this one out, surrendering pride to discretion in the manner made infamous by Maxie the Baer, the song and dance man, who included himself out in his fourth round with Louis. Boxing is a cruel sport and it makes inescapable demands of its professionals. Just as a Prussian duelist must not flick an eye when his face is laid open, so a prize fighter must fight on until he can no longer rise or lift an arm. Anything less brands him as a bum who should be in wrestling or some gentler endeavor. In Ezzard's case it may be more complicated than the harsh, quick verdict of cowardice. The psychoanalysts, who seem to get into everything these days and might as well be dragged in here, probably would describe Ezzard's hesitation to rise as a June-17 trauma. Or you might say that Ezz is not so totally committed to what he is doing as is the champion.

Their dressing rooms after the fight provided an ironic contrast. Unlike the post-battle interviews in June when a gallant, disfigured Charles had answered in tortured whispers, this unmarked Charles chatted cheerfully with the press and when he dressed he was a natty, smiling figure in his dark-blue silk suit, his blue sport shirt and his

fedora worn at a smart angle. He was up at ten, he said, but if he was feeling any deep resentment at not having been allowed the privilege of further punishment, he hid it convincingly. He was smiling like a winner, perhaps in anticipation of the \$50,000 he'll share with Manager Jake Mintz and Tom Tannas, representing a net 30% (as against 44% for Rocky) of the disappointing, weather-damaged \$154,000 gate plus \$150,000 from radio-TV. The prospect of this bundle did not affect the gloom of Mintz and Tannas, not Corner Men Jimmy Brown and the veterans Ray Kline, who were unable to reflect Ezzard's incongruously sunny spirit.

"I wouldn't say Ezz quit," a knowing old-timer summed it up in the dressing room while Charles was holding court with the reporters. "Sure he was hit good and hurt to the body where it don't show. But I will say this, I've seen some fighters get up better."

Over in Marciano's dressing room the big winner looked like a loser. His nose had been split out grotesquely and may require plastic surgery. Manager Al Well was hovering over him like an anxious father while Rocky's actual father, a simple, friendly little immigrant Italian shoemaker from Brockton, Mass., waited nearby.

HE CROPS YOU DOWN

Rocky may be a crude champion, missing plenty and easy to hit, but he's a champion in the classic tradition. Like Joe Louis he has innate taste and gracefulness. As in other true fighters, his ring manners, which are not too south, have nothing to do with his social manners, which are gentle and warm-hearted.

But in the ring he'll take the heart out of the current crop of heavyweights, just as he removed it in his crude surgical operation on Ezzard Charles. Dempsey taught you as if he had just caught you with your hand in his pocket. Tunney stabbed and sliced you like a fencing master. Louis was an executioner setting you up for the hangman's trap with decisive hand movements sometimes quicker than the eye. Rocky chops you down like a tree, with an as swung by a powerful if somewhat inaccurate woodman. If he misses he just swings again, always taking it out on the trunk of his opponent. He chops a deeper and deeper wedge into his man until the victim falls of his own top-heavy weight, as Ezz went timbering back into the ranks of ex-champions and ex-challengers who had nothing left for the fatal second try.



CHAMP'S LICENSE

Whenever Rocky Marciano goes in his green Cadillac, his punch goes too. This special license plate was first given to Rocky by Massachusetts Governor Paul Dwyer after Brockton's strong boy won the heavy-weight championship by knocking out Jersey Joe Walcott in their Philadelphia fight in 1952.



CLEVELAND'S PRIDE

continued

final week exactly at that level. Their sledge guns, Rosen and Larry Doby, have hit about half as many homers as Ruth and Gehrig made in 1927.

But they have a fine defensive outfield, anchored by the brilliant Doby, the American League's answer to Willie Mays, and they have six pitchers (31 may be seven when the last returns are in) with earned-run averages of less than 3.00. That is roughly equivalent, on the offensive side, to having six .330 hitters.

They have the 20-game winners, Bob Lemon and Early Wynn, each of whom defeated the Yankees four times. They have Mike Garcia, still with a chance to reach 20 victories. They have the fabulous Bob Feller, no longer the schoolboy fireballer, but a skilled craftsman going strong at 35. And they have Art Houtteman, living up at last to his rich promise.

LEM OR GUY OR MIKE OR BOB OR ART

These are the five regular starters. To back them up is an amazingly effective bull-pen crew of two hand-throwing freshmen, Don Moss and Ray Narvick, and one crafty old hand, Hal Newhouser, coaxed from retirement last spring.

Estimates of the part played by pitching in a team's success vary from 30% to 75%. In the case of the Cleveland Indians it would be difficult to put too high a figure on it. Because they are not a heavy-hitting, high-scoring team and because they have defied the tradition that the common denominator of champions is a leakproof infield, the Indians have placed uncommon dependence upon their pitchers, and their pitchers haven't failed them.

The difference between the second-place Indians of 1931-32-33 and the pennant-winning Indians of '34 is largely in the bull pen, in a greatly improved Doby, in the consistent hitting of Avila, in the skillful catching of Jim Hagan—and in an exciting performance by the freshman left fielder, Al (Pussy) Smith, a lead-off man with an incredible capacity for reaching first by every means short of stealing it.

Directing the team with quiet patience is one whose every breathing moment is an eloquent denial of the legend of the explosive Latin temperament. In Alfonso Ramon Lopez the tensions and aggravations of an interminable succession of squeakers and cliff-hangers (the Indians play no other kind of games) express themselves in "nervous stomachs," over in tantrums.

In four years as manager of the Indians he has never raised his voice in anger, never chewed out a ballplayer within hearing range of teammates. No television actor, he doesn't dispute decisions with waving arms. On one play in a game with Washington, he contended that a wide throw had pulled Mickey Vernon, the Senators' first baseman, off the base. He was telling off the umpire quietly but effectively when Vernon interrupted.

"You're wrong, Al," he said. "I shifted my feet, but I had the bag."

"Sorry," said Lopez as he turned toward the dugout. "If Mickey says it, it's good enough for me."

As a tactician he will enter the World Series with one supreme advantage over his National League rival, Lopez will say. "Lem [or Guy or Mike or Bob or Art], you're pitchin' today. And Hal, you and Ray and Don are in the bull pen."

No other manager can make that statement.

INDIANS SERIES ROSTER

PITCHERS									
No.	Age	Throws	SO	BB	Wins & Loss	ERA			
19 Bob Feller	35	R	538	37	12-3	3.03			
25 Mike Garcia	30	R	173	30	10-8	2.57			
27 Don Hoggan	27	R	111	11	3-9	4.41			
32 Dave Haddock	29	R	9	30	0-1	3.11			
11 Art Houtteman	27	R	65	55	15-6	3.37			
21 Bob Lemon	34	R	108	82	23-6	2.60			
12 Don Moss	24	L	57	25	5-1	2.65			
20 Ray Narvick	25	R	54	47	3-7	3.99			
16 Hal Newhouser	32	L	24	37	7-7	3.35			
34 Early Wynn	34	R	750	39	25-13	2.79			

CATCHERS									
No.	Age	Bats	R	H	2B	3B	HR	RBI	BA
3 Jim Hagan	24	R	57	91	12	7	11	49	.239
18 Hal Newhouser	25	L	9	27	2	2	0	11	.217

INFELDERS									
No.	Age	Bats	R	H	2B	3B	HR	RBI	BA
1 Bobby Avila	28	R	307	180	35	3	14	61	.318
26 Sam Jones	17	R	10	45	3	1	1	19	.264
6 Bob Ryan	32	L	10	41	3	1	5	13	.253
5 Hank Wagner	27	R	7	31	4	0	5	16	.301
8 Rudy Regalado	19	R	1	24	1	0	7	25	.234
1 Al Smith	28	R	14	135	29	1	24	80	.289
2 George Sisler	28	R	31	24	12	3	5	39	.218
23 Vic Wertz	29	L	35	94	13	2	14	59	.250

OUTFIELDERS									
No.	Age	Bats	R	H	2B	3B	HR	RBI	BA
14 Larry Doby	29	L	89	159	16	4	20	113	.268
13 Dave Mitchell	22	L	5	16	0	0	1	4	.216
17 Dave Phillips	24	L-R	46	99	17	3	12	52	.299
24 Dave Pope	29	L	17	35	2	0	9	11	.266
33 Al Smith	28	R	105	238	27	9	10	67	.277
31 Wally Whitlake	25	R	38	62	9	1	11	40	.266

MANAGER 10 Al Lopez **COACHES** 34 Tony Cuccinelli, 43 Mel Harder, 42 Red Kross, 40 Gus Lobe

JARGON FOR BEGINNERS

Baseball has a jargon of its own, inherited by sportswriters seeking to avoid repetitive words and phrases when describing a game. Many of their invocations quite properly died the death cliché drowns, but many endured and today it is difficult to understand a broadcast or a newspaper account without some foreknowledge of baseball's glossary. Here is a brief list for beginners:

APPLE: Lump in player's throat brought on by tension; also a baseball.

BACKSTOP: Catcher; also screen behind home plate.

BATTERUP: Pitcher and catcher together.

BEAN BALL: Pitch thrown at batter's head.

BLOOPER: Weak fly dropping safely just beyond infield.

BULL PEN: Area where relief pitchers warm up.

BURNER: Minor league, especially low classification minor; also called struts.

CHANGE-UP: Slow pitch thrown with motion of fast ball.

CHUCK: Grip hat several inches from bottom.

CHUCKLEUP: Loose nerve.

CLUTCH: Moment of decision in game; also called pinch.

CUBBIE: Player or team easy mark for another club.

CUDDLE: Pitch thrown over plate with count of three balls, no strikes.

GIANTS SERIES ROSTER

PITCHERS

No.	Age	Throws	SO	BB	Win & Lost	EFA
41 John Antonelli	24	L	140	58	21-6	2.21
20 Al Connor	27	R	53	9	1-2	2.90
42 Paul Giam	27	R	8	1	0-0	9.00
28 Ruben Gomez	27	R	181	108	16-9	3.23
47 Mary Grissom	36	R	67	48	16-7	2.71
47 Jim Heaton	31	R	48	41	8-8	3.81
20 Albin Knebelwieser	26	R	5	8	0-0	9.00
37 Don Liddle	28	L	47	51	8-8	3.17
30 Sal Maglie	31	R	130	64	13-16	2.90
43 John McCall	28	R	57	80	7-15	2.82
49 Ray Williams	31	R	84	50	17-4	2.14
31 Al Worthington	28	R	9	6	0-2	5.75

CATCHERS

No.	Age	Bats	R	H	2B	3B	HR	BB	BA
8 Ray Katt	27	R	25	58	7	1	0	12	.266
9 Wes Westrum	31	R	24	43	2	1	0	26	.180

INFILDERS

No.	Age	Bats	R	H	2B	3B	HR	BB	BA
12 Joe Amalfitano	26	R	2	0	0	0	0	0	.000
18 Foster Childman	23	R	0	7	0	0	0	1	.250
19 Gus Darr	31	R	86	185	28	6	29	89	.297
15 Phil Gaudin	27	R	30	77	5	0	7	4	.174
14 Bob Lockman	28	R	11	27	5	0	7	75	.239
25 Whitley Lockman	28	L	31	140	19	5	16	39	.255
16 Hank Thompson	28	L	72	134	17	1	28	82	.283
10 Davey Williams	25	R	64	118	18	3	9	48	.226

OUTFIELDERS

No.	Age	Bats	R	H	2B	3B	HR	BB	BA
36 Wade Irvin	33	R	61	111	13	3	16	63	.271
38 Willie Mays	32	R	116	184	31	12	48	104	.341
37 Don Mueller	37	L	87	205	34	7	8	78	.338
38 Dusty Rhodes	32	L	31	54	7	2	15	48	.308
37 Bill Taylor	24	L	4	12	1	0	2	8	.194

MANAGER: Leo Durocher **COACHES:** Fred Fitzsimmons, Herman Franks, Al Larry Hansen, Frank Shellenback.

NEW YORK'S PRIDE *continued*

—and got in him a pitcher of promise but so proved merit.

At 17 Antonelli had been given a bonus of \$55,000 to sign with the Braves but until this year his best effort was a 12-and-12 season in 1953. Frank Shellenback, a fatherly man who serves as pitching coach for the Giants, took Antonelli in hand, shortened his pitching stride, improved his control and helped make him a 20-game winner.

Antonelli is a good bet to start the first game of the World Series. Sal Maglie, a nerveless veteran right-hander, is the best choice to start the second. Last year Maglie seemed through, undone by a back ailment. Last winter he went to a chiropractor and showed up in the spring with a rubber lift, an eighth of an inch thick, which he placed in the heel of one shoe.

"My pelvis is tilted," Maglie explained. "The lift evened up my legs." There was some scoffing which ended when Maglie pitched strongly all spring, then went on to regain most of his old effectiveness.

Behind the tattered Antonelli and the tilted Maglie is Ruben Gomez, a perfectly healthy Puerto Rican right-hander, who was earlier rated the Giants' best pitcher but has dropped back to No. 3 because of Antonelli's development and Maglie's recovery. Rayt Williams, a knuckleballer, is the only other Giant pitcher who looks like a Series factor. He shows the relief pitching with Grissom. Beyond these five pitchers there is little mound strength.

Offensively the infield is steady. Whitley Lockman at first, Captain Al Dark at shortstop, and Hank Thompson at third are all competent fielders. Davey Williams at second is outstanding. Lockman, Dark and Thompson are tough hitters; Williams has been in a season-long batting slump.

For years Wes Westrum, the top catcher, has been in a batting slump—now regarded as permanent—but his fine receiving and excellent handling of pitchers makes him a good choice to do most of the work in the Series.

Don Mueller, the rightfielder, hits well over .300 and fields adequately without fuss. Morris Irvin, the leftfielder who hit .458 in the 1951 World Series, has suffered through a bad season at bat. Jim (Dusty) Rhodes, a weak-fielding free-swinger, probably will share left with Irvin.

THE ASSET CLEVELAND HAIN'T GOT

It may not mean much, but the Giants was 13 of their 21 spring games with Cleveland. What means more is that the two clubs have been making spring tours for years and know each other as well as any World Series rivals can have.

The Giants know they will be underdogs. They are not one of the all-time great clubs, although Durocher says they are better than the '51 team that came from nowhere to oustmate the Brooklyn Dodgers in a play-off. Their strength is pitching and clutch dramatics.

A year ago Durocher gambled constantly and finished nowhere. This year he has managed conservatively and let the players themselves produce the excitement. A large block of experts conceded the 1954 National League pennant to the Brooklyn Dodgers last January, so for the Giants this has been a stimulating year. Let the experts pick Cleveland—and Cleveland pitching—if they want to. The true Giant fan knows his team has got some pitching too. Moreover, he points hopefully to an asset Cleveland hasn't got.

"Mays," the Giant fan says. "Willie Mays."

CYCLE: Single, double, triple, home run.

BUMPER: Pitch thrown close to batter's head to move him back from plate.

FULL COUNT: Three balls and two strikes.

GAMPER BALL: Pitch hit for home run; also gopher.

GRAND SLAM: Home run with bases full.

CROOK: Center of strike zone.

HILL: Pitcher's mound.

HOT CORNER: Third base.

JOCKER: Player who taunts opposition or umpires.

KEYSTONE: Second base.

KNUCKLE BALL: Erratically breaking pitch in which ball is gripped in knuckles.

LEAD-OFF: First batter in batting order.

POW-OFF: Catch runner off base with sudden throw by pitcher or catcher.

PIRCH-OFF: Pitch purposely thrown well out of strike zone to enable catcher to throw to a base.

SURFER: Slab on pitcher's mound from which pitcher delivers ball.

SCREWBALL: Pitch which curves in flight but in opposite direction from curve ball.

SLIDER: Fast pitch which curves slightly but sharply. Cross between fast ball and curve.

SHOOTER: Play in which batter tries to score runner from third base with bunt.



AT JAMAICA RACE TRACK, UP TO 50,000 HAVE BEEN PACKED INTO A PLANT BUILT IN 1911 AND OFFERING SEATS FOR 15,000

NEW DEAL FOR RAW DEAL

After eyewitness survey, The Jockey Club blesses plan that would enlarge and modernize beautiful Belmont, scrap Jamaica, and place New York State racing on a new and strictly nonprofit basis

by WHITNEY TOWER

JOHN WESLEY HANES, 42, of North Carolina and New York, is a deceptively soft-spoken man of action who believes in seeing things with his own eyes. As a horse owner and a member of thoroughbred racing's eminent Jockey Club, Hanes knew in a general way that New York's race fans 1) shell out more money than devotees anywhere else and 2) are recklessly packed into some of the oldest and most inadequate racing plants on the face of the earth. In the ordinary course of things, John Hanes is driven to such tracks as Jamaica, Aqueduct and Belmont in a chauffeur-driven limousine and sits in a private box. A year ago he decided to take a closer look.

WHAT JOHN HANES LEARNED

Instead of a limousine he took the Long Island Rail Road—and rarely even got a seat on that railroad's race-track special: "It was like standing in a cattle car." He decided to skip lunch in town and try the hot dogs in the grandstand.

"It was useless. I never once got to a hot-dog stand, or to a \$2 window, or

close to a horse—or within range of a comfortable seat."

What John Hanes learned was something nobody had to tell New York's average long-suffering 32 better. At the state's four flat-racing tracks last year, 4,304,535 people wagered \$374,478,826 during 194 days of racing, and spent most of their time in masses of fellow horse-players suffering from tired and aching feet, empty stomachs and short tempers. Discontent drove many of them to the pari-mutuel windows in New Jersey.

John Hanes gave that trip a try, too. "I went down to Monmouth Park one day and made a big discovery: racing fans will put up with an insufferable train ride if they can enjoy the surroundings and conveniences at the other end. Monmouth Park offered comfortable facilities and plenty of room for everybody. No track in New York did."

John Hanes was not the only man concerned over New York racing. Ashley Trimble Cole, chairman of the state Racing Commission, had become so fed up as the sports columnists and turf writers who for years have painted New

York's setup in terms that would look scathing even in a prison-reform report. (One name for Aqueduct is Foot-sore Downs.) Speaking to members of The Jockey Club at Saratoga 13 months ago, Cole threw something of a jolt into America's oldest racing administrative body.

JOCKEY CLUB PRESCRIPTION

Cole told the club, whose members are well aware that theirs is the responsibility for the future of flat racing in New York, to prescribe a quick-healing remedy for local racing ills. "If you gentlemen can't do something about it," warned Cole, "the Racing Commission will find even who can."

This week The Jockey Club gave its sanction to what it hopes will eventually prove to be a guaranteed cure-all—if properly administered by Jockey Club doctors. The men who had made the diagnosis also prescribed the cure. A committee of three appointed by The Jockey Club, they were: John Wesley Hanes, onetime Under Secretary of the Treasury, director of Olin Industries, Inc., the Bankers Trust Co. and Johns-Manville Corp.;

continued on page 69



SPORT IN ART

THE GREAT REALIST

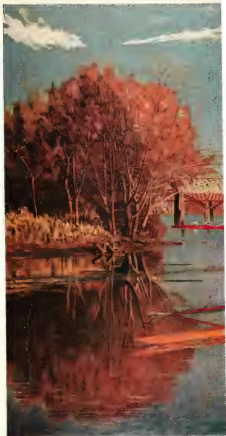
Thomas Eakins was both participant and trained observer

IN the last half of the 19th Century Americans began to look about them and to realize the greatness and beauty that destiny had conferred on them. The nation had come of age. It was united from ocean to ocean and the mixture of many foreign cultures had blended into one strongly our own. Among the artists of the period who felt the surge of national pride was Thomas Eakins, one of America's giants of sporting art, who devoted himself to painting everyday people and the activities of life about him. A Philadelphian, Eakins had a vigorous interest in outdoor life. He hunted the Cobleskill marshes, fished and swam the Delaware, and rowed on the Schuylkill. From these pleasant pastimes came some of his best canvases. One of his favorite sports was hunting railbirds in the marshes and the scene above, *Will Schuster and Blackman Going Shooting*, painted in 1876, is of one of his friends on such a sortie. A rebel against Victorian sentimentalism, Eakins was a realist and he viewed his world as a trained observer (see following page).

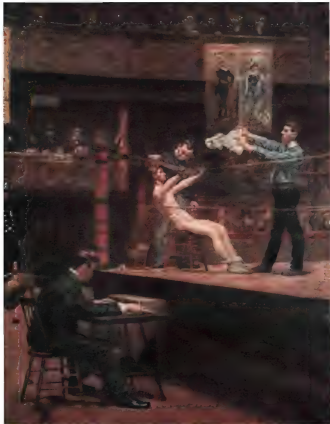


Self-portrait was done when Eakins was about 55. Born in 1844, he died at 72.

MAX SCHMITT BY A SINGLE SHELL is probably Eakins' most famous painting. Schmitt was his boyhood friend and together the two spent many hours skimming over the placid surface of the Schuylkill River. Here Schmitt, who attained local fame with his oars, rests easily in his delicate little racing shell, the *Josie*, at a point on the river just above the Girard Avenue Bridge in Philadelphia. Eakins used ingenuity in signing the painting while at the same time recording his participation in the popular sport. He painted himself at the oars of a single shell in the middle distance, going away in fine form. On the stern is marked "Eakins, 1871." Today this section of the river, little changed, is still studded with boathouses along the shore and any good day brings out the oarsmen. Given to Max Schmitt by Eakins, this painting is now in the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City.







BOXING SCENE is one of several boxing scenes painted by Thomas Eakins. It was a sight as familiar to him as a rosin box is to a fighter. The boxer is Billy Smith; the second fanning him with a towel is Billy McCauley. Bending over the ropes is Edward McCloskey, known as "The Old War Horse." These three were regulars in the old Arena at Broad and Cherry

streets in Philadelphia where Eakins and his friends were faithful attendants. Clarence W. Cramer, who is sitting at the table as timer in the painting above, was a local newspaperman and a close friend of the artist. In later years he recalled that he had accompanied Eakins to thousands of rounds of boxing before the artist, always a perfectionist, attempted his first prize-ring sketch.

Christopher T. Chenery, 68, chairman of the board of Southern Natural Gas Co. and a trustee of Washington and Lee University, and Harry F. Guggenheim, 64, who, though he may never be remembered by railbirds as a director of Kennecott Copper Co. and as president of two family foundations, will take his place in American turf lore as the owner of Dark Star, the only horse to win a race from Native Dancer—the 1953 Kentucky Derby.

\$1.1 BILLION FOR BELMONT

New York racing, suggested The Jockey Club, can best be served if all four flat-racing tracks join hands under the guidance of the club to provide comfort and convenience for all the people who like racing. "In short," says Hanes, "invite them to come racing instead of inviting them to stay home." High points of the proposal made to the Racing Commission for remodeling the operation of the sport in New York:

1. To form a nonprofit Greater New York Racing Association by buying and merging the separate corporations which now own Belmont, Jamaica, Aqueduct and Saratoga. The new Association would spend nearly \$50 million now and another \$45 million within a few years.

2. To concentrate racing on a big scale at Belmont (completed in 1945 at a cost of about \$7 million) by investing some \$15 million toward modernizing its plant and increasing seating capacity from 33,000 to 52,000, eventually to 58,000. The mile-and-a-half track (largest in the U.S.) would be reduced, and in the outback the controversial Widener chute, which gives horses a wonderful racing straightaway and spectators the worst possible view of racing, might be doctored. Much of the work could be finished by next fall, the whole job completed by the spring of 1956.

3. To invest another \$3 million in grandstand facilities and improved track conditions at Saratoga.

4. Jamaica to be discontinued as a race track and the real estate sold.

5. Aqueduct to be maintained as an operating track until the modernization at Belmont is completed. Then reconsider plans for another ultra-modern track (costs about \$45 million) to go up on the present Aqueduct site.

Proposed capitalization for this whopping transaction would consist of debt and non-dividend-paying common stock owned by The Jockey Club,



JOCKEY CLUB members Harry Guggenheim, John Hanes and Elmer Fisher discuss the plan to remodel racing, so bettors could gain in comfort, the state to increase

whose members would have voting privileges to appoint the Association's top officials. Some \$27 million would be spent by the new GNYRA to purchase the four tracks (based on an estimated valuation of \$8 million each for Belmont, Jamaica and Aqueduct and \$3 million for Saratoga). Hanes's committee already has procured an option on over 80% of the Belmont stock and has offered to purchase the stock of the three other tracks. All four existing individual racing franchises would be kept alive and their respective officials remain in office.

The public has not been alone in its grievances about the New York situation. Private management has felt particularly handicapped because, though the pari-mutuel takeout is 15%, highest in the country, only 4% of this goes back to the track. Thus, while other tracks, permitted by state law to retain a higher percentage of the take, can afford grand-scale improvements (Hialeah threw open a new \$2,500,000 clubhouse, Santa Anita added 1,000 grandstand seats and can now accommodate 33,000 cars and Garden State will open a track-sponsored hotel on Oct. 1st), New York is constantly in the throes of a tight pinch. Last year, for instance, New York State gained \$32,825,600 from racing, but the four tracks could afford to spend only \$1,281,250 on improvements. Over a million was spent at Belmont. Jamaica, amazingly enough, got by the year without spending one nickel on improvements, and investments at the other tracks were necessarily limited to the installation of such safety factors as sprinkler systems in the barns and building barn-houses for stable help—and little else.

At the same time New York raised its purse distribution to an all-time state record of \$9,531,340. It didn't require The Jockey Club's brains to see that the system which maintains racing at a very high purse level in

the face of the least sympathetic tax laws is doctored. The new nonprofit proposal will urge the state to receive as taxes such of the income as it desires to take—after the payment of purses, operating expenses, debt service and provision for improvements. "The state, after all," says Hanes, "should be sympathetic to more revenue. Our plan should prove to them that by lowering the percentage of the take the state can get more money—for the simple reason that modern enlarged facilities will attract more people who in turn will bet more money."

LEGISLATION COMES NEXT

The proposal for the GNYRA, after its almost certain approval by Cole and his Racing Commission, will head for Governor Tom Dewey's desk. Best bet is that Dewey will urge the next legislature to give the GNYRA a positive go-ahead. Said Hanes in discussion of the proposal went the public rounds early this week: "Our plan is to see that the country's largest spectator sport should be a happy experience for the public, profitable for the state and comfortable for the horsemen."



NEW JERSEY'S Monmouth Park draws patrons seeking fun, not a survival test.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY PHIL KATZ

GAME OF THE

BRECKLEY, CALIF.

Few major athletic events are so apt to satisfy contestants and spectators as totally as Oklahoma's victory over the University of California last Saturday. The Oklahoma players were delighted with a score—27-13—that seemed to justify their preseason rating as the first or second best college team in the country. Some 6,000 Oklahoma fans, who occupied enough of California's 31,000-seat Memorial Stadium to suggest that John Steinbeck's *Of Mice and Men* have graduated to better days, enjoyed their chauvinistic moment among their new neighbors.



CALAME'S OPTION

OKLAHOMA USES the split T, a system of attack predicated as effective as the quarterback who runs it. In Gene Calame, Oklahoma has perhaps the most skillful split T operator in college ball today, a deft ball handler who is especially adroit handling the key "optional play" in which, moving laterally behind his line, the quarterback must decide in a split second, as the play develops, whether to keep the ball himself or lateral it wide to a flanking back. Here, in the second quarter of California game, with lead on California 7-yard line, a Calame (No. 31) slides out towards his own left end. a He cleaves to cut inside California's right end, Jim Carmichael (No. 28), who has floated out well with play to guard against possible lateral from Calame to his halfback, Bob Herndon (No. 34), shown trailing the blocker, Bob Barrie (No. 40). a and b Belling over tackle, Calame drives for the goal line, goes over and then fumbles (irrelevantly, since the whistle had blown) after scoring the first of Oklahoma's four Calame-directed touchdowns. After the game, a Gene was hoisted high on the shoulders of his appreciative teammates.



WEEK: OKLAHOMA 27 CALIFORNIA 13

By ALFRED WRIGHT

The California team and coaches were pleased not to have suffered more severely at the hands of a better team, and their supporters accepted this point of view without protest.

California, following a mediocre 1952 record, was an experiment being built around two thoroughly tested items—Quarterback Paul Larson and Center Matt Hazeltine, a couple of candidates for All-American consideration this year. Oklahoma aimed to prove their machine as good as last year's. California hoped their 1954 experiment would not blow up in the lab.



③

As the pattern of the game began to take shape toward the end of the first quarter and the beginning of the second, it was not the unknown ingredients in the Cal experiment that went wrong. All of a sudden Quarterback Larson, the unpredictable gambler, began to throw craps instead of naturals. When a fine pass by Oklahoma's Buddy Leake set California back on its own 10-yard line, Larson tried to gamble his team out of trouble. Calling passes but figuring to run his way out of trouble in an emergency, Larson discovered he couldn't barbecue a wise Oklahoma line that was charging him much too hard. In jig time Larson was flat on his back on his own three-yard line. Fullback Tom Kraemer kicked out weakly to his own 33, and five plays later Oklahoma was in command by seven points.

Bud Wilkinson, Oklahoma's tall, young (38), silver-haired coach, allowed later that the turning point of the game was a California fumble in the middle of the third quarter while Oklahoma's lead was only 7-6. "In fact, if Cal hadn't made mistakes I imagine we wouldn't have won," Wilkinson was generous enough to say.

But it was Oklahoma's opportunism and skill that made the fumble pay off. Putting the ball in play from their own 23, they executed a perfect example of the split T's most fearsome weapon—the optional lateral-forward pass. Quarterback Gene Calame drifted to the right, threatened the California end, then lateraled to Halfback Buddy Leake, who was cruising outward on the five-yard line. Leake threw a long forward to End Max Boydston, who was in high gear on his own 40. Boydston easily outran his pursuit for a touchdown play that covered 87 yards, touched the Oklahoma lead to 14-6 and ended any serious or hopeful doubts about the outcome.

On the whole, the California attitude was well summed up by Captain Hazeltine at a booster rally after the game: "Playing teams like Oklahoma is good experience. I think we've got a real good ball club. I advise you all to go right out and buy your train tickets to the Rose Bowl."



⑤

HICKMAN'S HUNCHES

for

Games of Saturday, Sept. 25th

• **Notre Dame vs. Texas.** Touted Texas meets untested Notre Dame in the game of the week. The Longhorns took L.S.U. last week 29-6, but the Fighting Irish aren't the Bengal Tigers from the Bayou. **NOTRE DAME.**

• **Iowa vs. Michigan State.** Millions will see this on TV. This contest will go a long way toward clarifying the Big Ten middle. Dubiously, **IOWA.**

• **Illinois vs. Penn State.** J. C. Carroll and Co. against one of the East's strongest teams. But East is East and West is . . . **ILLINOIS.**

• **Pennsylvania vs. Duke.** Word comes that Penn Coach Steve Sabo's conversion of the Quakers to the "multiple offense" has been miraculous. But those Blue Devils are worked. **DUKE.**

• **Oklahoma vs. T.C.U.** The Sooners come home after their California triumph. T.C.U. beat Kansas 27-6, but although Kansas and Oklahoma are in the same conference, the similarity ends there. **OKLAHOMA.**

• **Minnesota vs. Nebraska.** Coach Murray Warmack has junked Minnesota's traditional single wing for the split T. The Cornhuskers do not have the manpower. **MINNESOTA.**

• **Vanderbilt vs. Baylor.** The Baylor Bears swamped a good Houston team 53-13 last week. Vanderbilt is not up to par. **BAYLOR.**

• **Wisconsin vs. Marquette.** Marquette lost to the Badgers 11-13 last year and is rumored to be stronger this season. So is Wisconsin. **WISCONSIN.**

• **Oregon vs. Stanford.** Stanford stumbled past College of the Pacific 13-12 last week. Shaw and Oregon looked tough against Idaho. Stanford isn't Idaho but . . . **OREGON.**

• **Princeton vs. Rutgers.** This series has been a rough road for Rutgers since it began in 1889. Still is. **PRINCETON.**

ALSO: Arkansas over Tulsa; Cornell over Colgate; Dartmouth over Holy Cross; Georgia Tech over Florida; Mississippi over Kentucky; U.C.L.A. over Kansas; Navy over William and Mary; Ohio State over Indiana; Purdue over Missouri; Michigan over Washington; Army over South Carolina; Columbia over Brown; Alabama over L.S.U.; Utah over Arizona; U.S.C. over Pat.

Next week—TEXAS vs. NOTRE DAME
at South Bend

Last week's box score:

9 wins,
1 loss, 2 ties.



M.R.C. WYLLIE'S JAGUAR LEADS PRCA AROUND TURN IN WINNING RUN OF 100-MILE SERENCA CUP

A DAY FOR THE BRAVE

A driving rain, sharp turns and a 130 mph down-hill straight test the skill of drivers in the biggest Grand Prix yet at Watkins Glen

WATKINS GLEN, N.Y.

By JOHN BENTLEY

THIS is a course for brave men," said that wizard of the wheel, Phil Walters. "—and I am not a brave man!" He had just taken Briggs Cunningham's 4.5-liter Ferrari on a fast practice session (3 min. 9 sec.) around the 4.5-mile Watkins Glen, N.Y., road course in preparation for the Seventh Annual Sports Car Grand Prix last Saturday. Brave man or not, Walters—despite a long lay-off—showed his usual consummate skill by winning the 100-mile main event, in a downpour which threw many of the 34 starters into hectic slides. The hazards faced drivers on this new course also include climbs or downward zooms on 26%; of every lap, and a 1½-mile, 130 mph down-hill straight with a curve at the end. Many of the fast cars were airborne for 30 feet at a time as they played off the humps.

SPEEDS AND UNSCHEDULED INCIDENTS

This year's Watkins Glen races drew an all-time record entry of 223 sports cars, of which 177 passed technical inspection. Some 20,000 people formed a huge hedgehog around the course. Numerous upsets on form and some unscheduled incidents intensified the excitement and suspense. An MG lost a wheel at Post No. 3, injuring a luckless flagman and briefly disrupting telephone communications. A private plane crashed into a barn near the course. The huge, jam-packed grandstand, the glare of the public address system, the leaden light of an invisible sun mingled with those scents and sounds dear to the enthusiast—the pungent reek of alcohol, the cloying odors of hot oil and scuffed rubber and the metallic bark of open exhausts.

Walters did not ride the Ferrari in the Grand Prix, but a heavier, slower and less maneuverable Cunningham,

Bill Spear, driving his maroon 4.5 Ferrari, jumped into the lead at the outset and with magnificent dash completed the first lap in 3 min. 13.7 sec.—an average of 84 mph from a standing start. Walters, however, stalked him like a shadow, only two seconds astern, and no matter what Spear did he could not widen the gap to more than seven seconds. "Gentleman Jim" Kimberly (4.5 Ferrari) lay third, but gradually fell back until on lap 7 he was 41 seconds behind. On lap 11, Spear unfortunately retired with a stripped rear axle and Walters took the lead, never to relinquish it. Johnston overdid things at the hard right turn into the pit straight and dramatically nosed the big white and blue Cunningham down the escape road, but he got going again without losing third spot to Walt Hangan's C-Type Jaguar. Briggs Cunningham (4.5 Ferrari) never showed higher than sixth. Walters completed the 22-lap Grand Prix in 1 hr. 12 min. 46.4 sec., an average of 80.3 mph. Kimberly averaged 81.4 mph and Johnston 81.3 mph; but to Spear went the honor of the fastest lap (his eighth) at 88.6 mph.

A TEMPERAMENTAL PORSCHE

Four shorter events preceding the Grand Prix packed the day with some spectacular racing. In the Serenca Cup (11 laps, 50.6 miles for unrestricted cars and sports cars of all classes) the favorite among 34 starters was Gordon "Tippey" Lips whose temperamental, supercharged Porsche-Cooper can outaccelerate almost anything. Lips got clean away from the field for two laps, pursued by Phil Cade in a veteran Maserati, and by that phlegmatic sportsman, Dr. M. R. J. Wyllie with a C-Type Jaguar. However, the Cooper-Porsche lost its voice after two

laps and quit on the fourth. Wyllie took the lead on lap 3 and held it to the checkered flag. Paul Timmins was second in his Hangan-Jaguar Special, and Alan Patterson II placed third with an Allard. Wyllie averaged 78.2 mph.

The Collier Brothers Memorial Trophy (same distance but for stock MGs only) saw another upset when Gus Ehrman (TD MG) beat favorite Ralph Durbin (TF MG) by a few yards after a terrific battle. Bill Long was third in another TF MG. Ehrman averaged 61.2 mph; Durbin 61.1 mph. There were 36 starters and the three leaders traded places six times.

The Glen Trophy, also of 51.6 miles but for production sports cars over 1,250 cc, brought 54 entries and again tossed the odds aboardward. Charles "Chuck" Wallace with an unbroken string of 12 victories in Jaguar races this season was cinched to win overall, yet he never ran better than sixth due to a faulty brake pedal. Max Goldman and Dick Thompson were an even bet in the Porsche class, but both had trouble—Goldman being hit by another car and Thompson losing a piston. Bill Kinchloe Jr., Austin-Healey trump card, spun out when his over-drive control failed. Dick Perin (Jaguar) took the overall checkered at 73.5 mph; George Constantine and Warren Smith, both in Jaguars, were second and third. Bob Magenheim won the Porsche class, with Thompson limping home second and Warren Steinlin third. Britisher Roy Jackson-Moore headed the Austin-Healey class and Jim Robinson earned the laurels for the Triumph contingent.

LINE-UP TIMES

The 34 starters for the Queen Catherine Cup (16 laps, 78.6 miles, for modified sports cars under 1,500 cc) included no less than eight Coas, three of which, as expected, filled the first three overall places. Frank Bott led all the way at 78.5 mph, followed by John Gordon Bennett (77.8 mph) and Phil Stewart (75 mph). Ross Makins, however, whose 1,100 Cossie has occupied every Cham G event this season, broke his winning streak. A flat tire cost him two laps in the pit, but he still managed a third behind Tony Pompeo in my Sata. Bob Keller (Sata) was first home. Marshall Lewis, driving Briggs Cunningham's new Stanguelint, not only ran away with the 750 cc class but finished sixth overall—an amazing performance.

It was like old times again at Watkins Glen.



SCOREBOARD

A ROUNDUP OF THE WEEK'S NEWS

RECORD BREAKERS

■ **Francis Dan** of Hagen Fair Acres called Hefline earnings to \$319,623.92, most ever won by harness horse, by finishing fourth (worth \$2,600) in American Trotting Championship race at Westbury, L.I. Former champion: William H. Gane's Good Time, retired in 1932 with total of \$234,584.26.

■ **Rasmia** claimed three world records for men athletes: women's 800-meter time of 2:04.4 for *Nine Oklahoma* during meet at Elmer; women's eight-pound shot put record of 53 feet, 4.96 inches for *Golden Spire* (9.15 inches better than her previous record); men's 50-kilometer walk record of 4:13:48.2 for *Wladimir Nikolski*.

■ **Paveli Karmen** of Finland set new world record for 5,000-meter speedskating with time of 8:41.4 during German-Finnish track and field meet at Dortmund. Runner-up: Olavi Rintanen of Finland who set previous record of 8:44.4 last year.

■ **George Egan, Jr.** of Columbus, Ohio drove speedster *Miss Delvite* to new world record for 7-liter class of 100.498 mph during trials of Northern Kentucky Road Club regatta at Cincinnati. Old mark: 102.378, established last year by B. G. Bentley Sr., of Pittsburgh.

BOXING

CHAMPION — **Rocky Marciano** retained heavyweight championship of world by knocking out Ezzard Charles, former champion, with left hook and right cross to jaw in 2:38 of eighth round at Yankee Stadium.

■ **Robert Cohen** of France regained right hand in fifth round but held on to win world bantamweight title with 15-second split decision over Charnett Sangkritat of Thailand before 66,000 spectators at Bangkok.

BASEBALL

IN FIELD — **Cleveland Indians** beat Detroit Tigers 3-2 to clinch American League pennant. Winning pitcher: **Ray Herbert**, who relieved Early Wynn in seventh inning. Indians beat Tigers again on following day for 10th straight victory, and at week's end needed only two more wins for season to tie all-time league record of 110.

■ **New York Yankees**, winners for past five years, clinched second with 29th victory, added another to become first Bengali team in six years to win 300 games (and first time Stengel ever came in second with Yankees).

New York Giants, wrestling to hold off Brooklyn Dodgers and Milwaukee Braves since late in August, began week 21-4 games in front. Daily collected National League pennant (second in last four years) Monday night by beating second-place Dodgers in first game of three-game series at Ebbets Field.

GO WEST — **Charlie Brown**, manager of Brooklyn Dodgers last season, managed Oakland Oaks to championship of Pacific Coast League by beating San Francisco, three games to none.

OUT AND IN — **Paul Richards**, who managed Chicago White Sox to three third-place finishes in three years, resigned to take \$50,000-a-year post as general manager and field manager of seventh-place Baltimore Orioles. New White Sox manager: Martin Marion, Sox coach during past season.

FOOTBALL

PAST YEAR — Six of nation's top 11 teams opened schedules last week and all six won impressively:

■ **University of Oklahoma**, last year's Orange Bowl champion, took advantage of two poor bids and one fumble to outscore California, 27-13, before 44,000 spectators at Berkeley, outscoring its Oklahoma Quarterback Gene Calane, who scored first touchdowns and Halfback Buddy Lewis, who passed for second touchdowns and scored third himself by going over on two-yard back.

■ **Georgia Tech**, winner in Sugar Bowl last winter, showed usual backfield speed and quick-spreading deception while shutting out Tulane 35-0 in opener at Atlanta.

■ **Maryland**, ranked first in nation at end of 1952 season, turned two pass interceptions into touchdowns and scored again on 31-yard pass play to beat Kentucky 28-0 at Lexington.

■ **University of Texas**, piling up 273 yards rushing while holding opponent to two first downs in first half, rolled over Louisiana State 20-6 before 38,000 spectators at Austin.

■ **Miss Institute**, behind 6-7 at half time, scored three touchdowns in third quarter and one in fourth to beat University of Florida 14-14 at Houston.

■ **UCLA**, Pacific Coast champion last season, routed hopelessly inferior team from San Diego Naval Training Station 47-0 in opening game at Los Angeles. Score was highest ever registered by UCLA football team.

NEW LOOK — **Washington and Lee**, which dropped football last July after players were named in embarrassing scandal, announced return to football on "amateur basis" in 1953.

AUTO RACING

SHORTCUT — **Karl King** of Germany, driving Mercedes-Benz Silver Arrow, won Berlin Grand Prix with time of 2:03:09.8 for 212-mile race. Runner-up: Juan Manuel Fangio, world-champion driver for 1954, and Hans Hermann of Stuttgart—both driving Mercedes.

REPEATS — **Paul Walters** of Green Farms, Conn., pushed his Cunningham to average speed of 80.3 mph over mile-disk course to win Watkins Glen, N.Y. Grand Prix with time of 1:02:02.4. Walters, who won with Cunningham in 1951, thus became first repeater since race was inaugurated in 1948. Runner-up in 191.3-mile test: Gentleman Jim Kimbly of Chicago, driving a Ferrari.

SEMIWAY — **James Bryan** of Phoenix, Ariz., won A.A.A. big-car race at Indianapolis State Fairgrounds by averaging 84.82 mph over 100-mile grind. Bryan, who had already clinched 1954 big-car championship, added 200 points to season's total, now has impressive score of 3833.

TENNIS

NEW LIFE — **Vic Seixas**, 31, of Philadelphia, who won U.S. title at Forest Hills three weeks ago, looked even stronger (winning Tony Trabert of Cincinnati, 7-5, 6-3, 6-4 for Pacific Southwest championship at Los Angeles. Women's title: *Louise Brough*, 31, of Beverly Hills, Calif., 6-3, 4-6, 6-3 over 16-year-old Barbara Bost of North Hollywood, Calif.

HORSE RACING

COKE AGAINST — **Frankford Farm's Chocoma**, 13-1 going from gate, scored 10-length victory over Roger's Baby of Bahama Stakes in Discovery Handicap at Aqueduct. Run by *Paula*, Pennacher 5-1 shot, covered mile-and-furlong in 1:49 4/5 (fastest in 15-year history of race) to win Aqueduct's \$54,190 Bedlam Handicap.

■ **Social Outcast** and *Good Wine*, Alfred G. Vanderbilt's two-horse entry, finished first and second respectively in \$50,000 Rhode Island Special at Lincoln Downs.

■ **William A. Barrer's Royal Puritan**, 43-1 as race started, came from behind to top out Gene Mac, owned by Pat Prevorseaux, and Carl H. Schell's Lady Dawn in American Trotting Championship at Rossmore Raceway. Fourth: *Francis Don*.

HORSE SHOW

SEA RIDER — **Miss Josephine Abercrombie's Lady Gargano** won world championship for Sengalid horses at Kentucky State Fair in Louisville. Not competing: Earl Taylor's *Wing Commander*, world champion since 1948, when fever forced his withdrawal.

EQUESTRIAN — **Capt. John M. Wheeler** of Camp Carson, Colo. finished U.S. jumping trials at Chicago with lowest faults (21%) and was named top man on team to represent country in international competition. Teammates: *Charles Benedict* Jr. of Lake Forest, Ill., *William G. Hinchman* of Westport, Conn., *John E. B. Mafford* of Milford, Kan., *Arthur Matlock* of Hickman, N.J.

COMING EVENTS

● TV ● NETWORK RADIO: ALL TIMES ARE E.S.T. EXCEPT WHEN OTHERWISE NOTED

September 24 through 30

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 24

Baseball
Inter-Service championship final, Camp Carson, Colo.

Boxing

● Jerry Gendello vs. Ralph (Tiger) Jones, middleweights, Arena, Philadelphia (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (NBC).

Football

Southern California vs. Pittsburgh, Los Angeles (TV).
Miami vs. Furman, Miami (TV).

Horse Racing

Jockey Handicap, \$10,000, 1 m., 2-yr.-olds, Belmont Pk., N.Y.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 25

Boxing

● Tony De Marco vs. Elvyn Christensen, welterweights, Boston Arena (10 rds.), 9 p.m. (ABC).
Sandy Saddler vs. Billy (Old) Jefferson (10 rds. 1945), CAMEL, Venezuela (10 rds.).

Football

Quelching college games

(ABC)
Army vs. South Carolina, West Point, N.Y.
Brown vs. Columbia, Providence, R.I.
Cornell vs. Colgate, Ithaca, N.Y.
Dartmouth vs. Holy Cross, Hanover, N.H.
Harv. vs. William & Mary, Annapolis, Md.
Pennsylvania vs. Duke, Philadelphia, Pa.
Princeton vs. Rutgers, Princeton, N.J.
Villanova vs. Syracuse, Syracuse, N.Y. (TV).
Yale vs. Connecticut, New Haven, Conn. (ABC).

● Iowa vs. Michigan State, Iowa City, Ia., 4 (TV p.m. (ABC).
● Notre Dame vs. Texas, South Bend, Ind., 2 (TV p.m. (Mutual).
● Illinois vs. Penn State, Champaign-Urbana, Ill., 2 (TV p.m. (ABC).
Ohio State vs. Indiana, Columbus, Ohio.
Kansas vs. U.C.L.A., Lawrence, Kan.
Washington vs. Marquette, Madison, Wis.
Wisconsin vs. Nebraska, Minneapolis.
Purdue vs. Missouri, Lafayette, Ind.

SOUTH & SOUTHWEST
Alabama vs. L.S.U., Baton Rouge, La. (TV).
Baylor vs. Vanderbilt, Nashville, Tenn. (TV).
Georgia vs. Clemson, Athens, Ga.
Georgia Tech vs. Florida, Atlanta, Ga.
Mississippi vs. Kentucky, Memphis, Mo.
Oklahoma vs. Texas Christian, Norman, Okla.
Tennessee vs. Mississippi State, Memphis.
Texas A. & M. vs. Oklahoma A. & M., Dallas (TV).
PAC WEST
California vs. San Jose State, Berkeley, Calif.
Stanford vs. Oregon, Portland, Ore. (TV).
Washington vs. Michigan, Seattle.
Washington State vs. College of the Pacific, Spokane (TV).

Golf

Red. Cabellero tournament, Congressional C.C., Washington, D.C.
Womans' PGA National Open final, Ardmore, Okla.

Horse Racing

● United Nations Handicap, \$57,500, 1 1/4 m., 3-yr.-olds up, Atlantic City, N.J., 4 (TV p.m. (ABC).
C. W. Bidwell Memorial, \$50,000, 1 1/4 m., 3-yr.-olds up, Hawthorne Pk., Coors, Ill.
N.Y. Handicap, \$75,000, 1 1/4 m., 3-yr.-olds up, Belmont Pk., N.Y.

Golfing

President's Cup Regatta, Potomac River, Washington, D.C.
Blue Nose Regatta, Croton Pointe Y.C., Lake St. Clair, Mich.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 26

Auto Racing

MASCAR 100-m. Grand Natl., Wilson, N.C.
MASCAR 250-m. Grand Natl., Langhorne, Pa.

Football

(Natl. Football League)
● N.Y. Giants vs. Chicago Cardinals, Chicago, 3 p.m. E.S.T. (ABC).
Chicago Bears vs. Detroit Lions, Detroit.
Cleveland Browns vs. Philadelphia Eagles, Philadelphia.
Los Angeles Rams vs. Baltimore Colts, Baltimore.
Pittsburgh Steelers vs. Green Bay Packers, Green Bay, Wis.
Washington Redskins vs. San Francisco 49ers, San Francisco.

Golf

California State Amateur final, Del Mar, Calif.

Tennis

Pacific Coast final, Berkeley T.C., Calif.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 27

Boxing

● Carmelo Costa vs. Gene Smith, featherweights, ● Kansas Pincay, Bluefield, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. E.S.T. (ABC).
● Danny Lee Ponce vs. Bobby (Shake) Lightweights, St. Paul, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. E.S.T. (ABC).

Horse Racing

Century Mile, \$25,000, 3-yr.-olds up, Belmont Pk., N.Y.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 28

Boxing

Arnold Sando vs. Kid Howard, for Canadian lightweight title, Halifax, N.S. (12 rds.).

Horse Racing

Step Lightly Handicap, \$10,000, 1 1/4 m., 3-yr.-olds up, Belmont Pk., N.Y.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 29

Baseball

● World Series begins in National League city, 1 p.m. E.S.T. (WBC-TV; Mutual radio).

Boxing

● Al Andrews vs. Gil Tunner, welterweights, Chicago ● Stinson (10 rds.), 10 p.m. E.S.T. (ABC).

Horse Racing

Hawthorn Show Filly Stakes, \$10,000, 3-yr.-old fillies, Lexington, Ky.
The Two Star Farm, \$10,000, 3-yr.-old fillies, Lexington, Ky.
Herald Hall Stakes, \$15,000, 2-yr.-old fillies, Lexington, Ky.
Blossoming Fair Stakes, \$10,000, 2-yr.-old fillies, Bloomsburg, Pa.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 30

Golf

Billy Jamison Open, San Antonio, Tex.

Boxing

World's Championship Rodeo, Mad. Sq. Garden, N.Y.

Shoeboxing

Buysie Dragon Hurdle Handicap, \$10,000, about 2 m., Belmont Pk., N.Y.

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58.75, 5

BOWLING

LITTLE LADY MAC

At 65, Floretta McCutcheon is retiring from a unique career

by VICTOR HALMAN

It's a fairly safe bet that Floretta McCutcheon, who announced her retirement from bowling the other day at the age of 65, won't be absent from the lanes for long. One of the most colorful figures in the game's most colorful era, a champion for 15 years and a mauler of champions for 15 more, she is as much a part of bowling as bowling is a part of her.

Mrs. McCutcheon was a star in the days when the great Jimmy Smith (whom she defeated in 1927 in a three-game exhibition, 704 to 687), Joe Fairclough, Jimmy Blodin and Mort Lindsay were touring the country in search of money matches. She was still the foremost women's instructor when she resigned recently from the Chicago Bowlers to help care for her two grandchildren in San Gabriel, Calif.

Because she was so far superior to the women bowlers of her day—there were only some 3,400 in the U.S. in the early 1930s—she often competed against men. From them she learned every trick of the game.

A DODGE FOR A BECKER

One spring night in 1938 she opened her "School for Women" with an exhibition at Jamaica (N.Y.) Recreation. Most of the large crowd which turned out expected to see a strapping woman with a powerhouse ball. Instead, they found a soft-spoken, gray-haired lady of five feet three. She rolled a "soft" ball which backed up slightly.

"Why don't you learn to bowl before you try to teach?" yelled a man who fancied himself a bowler.

The audience was appalled. But Mrs. McCutcheon merely smiled and sweetly asked, "Would you like to give me a lesson?" The man said he would.

Mrs. McCutcheon changed her ball and her style of delivery. As the ball left her hand it headed for the No. 1 pin, backed toward the No. 3, then arched into the strike pocket at the last moment. She went on like that for



FLORETTA MCCUTCHEON

two games, getting strikes on pocket hits, strikes on what seemed certain split hits, and spares when she didn't strike. If memory serves me right, she averaged 234—something to win by 70 pins. The heckler was laughed out of the hall. He probably is unaware to this day that he was defeated by a "dodo" ball—a ball weighted with lead on one side. A dodo is difficult to control, but in the hands of an expert it's like dynamite on the pins. Motherly Mrs. McCutcheon was an expert.

In her prime, "Mac," as she was called, didn't need a dodo. She averaged 291 for 8,076 games on strange alleys over a ten-year period. She rolled ten 300 games, nine 290s, four 280s. In one exhibition she scored 332 for three games—a 277 average—and once she hit 248 in 12-game blocks.

But her greatest contribution to the sport was her school. She taught bowling in almost every major city from coast to coast. She is credited with having instructed 300,000 women personally, and introducing untold thousands more to the game through her exhibition tours. She is one of three women on the honor roll of the Women's International Bowling Congress, the equivalent of the Ameri-

can Bowling Congress Hall of Fame.

If Mrs. McCutcheon clings to her resolution to retire, bowling will have lost one of its great personalities. Throughout her sparkling career, however, she has above all been a lady. And you know what they say about a lady's prerogative.

Mort Luby's *National Bowlers Journal*, with an assist from the country's bowling writers, has come up with its annual All-American teams. The first team includes Bill Lillard, who has joined the Philbers of Detroit; Don Carter, who moved to the Badminton of St. Louis; Basil ("Bum") Fazio, of the Stroks of Detroit; Tony Sparano, Rego Park, N.Y., proprietor who holds the A.B.C. singles title and last spring rolled the 13th perfect game in the history of the championships; and Joe Wilman of Chicago, whose Tri-Park Radio team won the A.B.C. crown with 3,225—eight pins shy of the all-time record. Ed Lubanski, also of Stroks, is sixth man.

Those who chided me for not listing the Tri-Park among the country's top teams (SI, Aug. 30) might be interested to know that a well-to-do sponsor agreed with them. The quintet has been signed this year by the Hamm Brewers of St. Paul. Joe Norris, latest member of the Hall of Fame; Carmen Salvino, who with Wilman held the national doubles match game championship in 1933-34; Harry Ledene, and Chuck Wagner complete the team. Breweries now sponsor four of the nation's championship-caliber outfits, proving, I suppose, that bowlers can still beer as well as drink it.



THE WARNER LEGACY

A football player by chance, Glenn Scooby Warner devoted a lifetime to the game, molded it into its present image and developed some of the greatest players ever known. When he died Sept. 7, players everywhere mourned "Pop"



1884, CORNELL GUARD WARNER WAS 200-POUNDER

A BURLY YOUNG student wandered down to Cornell's Percy Field in 1882 to watch football practice. While he was observing the proceedings the coach singled him out and asked if he had ever played the game. Not only had he never played, the student said, he had never even watched before. The persistent coach persuaded him to join the practice session. After one day of fundamentals and scrimmaging, the newcomer was named first-string guard. Thus was Glenn Scooby ("Pop") Warner, who died this month at 83, introduced to football, the sport to which he contributed more than any other individual in the history of the game.

Warner played at Cornell for 3 years; then, his LL.B. in his pocket, joined a Buffalo law firm. But when Iowa State wrote to Cornell asking if any of the graduating players was interested in a coaching job, Pop decided to shuck torts for pigskins. From Iowa State he shifted to the University of Georgia and then back to Cornell. In 1888 Cornell played Carlisle, a government school for Indians. The matchup appealed to Warner's imagination. He applied for the coaching post and was accepted.

The union of superbly muscled Indians and the witty Warner made football history. In his years at Carlisle, Warner played his personal stamp on the game and made it what it is today (essentially). He discovered a slender Sac and Fox Indian named Jim Thorpe and developed him into the greatest athlete the world has ever known. Tiny Carlisle became the scourge of the Ivy League, toppling giants. When Thorpe stunned the world with his 1912 Olympic feats, Pop's fame reached new heights—but victory turned to ashes when Thorpe was tainted with professionalism. Warner moved on to Pittsburgh, then Stanford where he coached the great Eric Nevea, another all-time All-American. In 1938, Pop ended his career as a full-time coach at Temple University, completing 44 years of coaching during which his teams rolled up 412 wins, 104 losses and 42 ties.



PITTSBURGH CENTER Robert Fick was one of Pop's All-Americans.



TEMPLE BACK Dave Shackle received last-minute instructions before 1914 Sugar Bowl game with Tulane.



STANFORD STAR Eric Nevea came back in 1932 to tell his old coach.



JIM THORPE—left, captained a strong Carlisle team in 1912 when Warner-coached Indians scored 592 points in 14 games.



OLYMPIC TRIUMPHS in 1912 by Carlisle's Thorpe (right) and marathoner Trevisan (center) called for homecoming hero.



REUNION of Warner and Thorpe took place in 1931. Both were now in twilight of fame, Thorpe struggling for a living.



FIRST COACHING JOB was at Iowa State College during the summer of 1890. Warner's salary was only \$25 a week.

TRIBUTE FROM A PLAYER

Dick Hyland, sports columnist for the Los Angeles Times, played under Pop Warner at Stanford from 1925 to 1927:

MORE THAN A CENTURY ago, essayist Henry David Thoreau wrote, "Be not merely good; be good for something."

Those words can serve on the headstone of Glenn Scooby Warner. No one may doubt that old Pop was good for football. Indeed, long before his wonderful spirit left him in Palo Alto, it had already settled for all time on the broadly scattered playing fields of the game to which he devoted his life.

Inventive Pop Warner helped fashion football more than any one man. Every football lineman today uses the crouch start. Warner thought that one up at Carlisle, over 60 years ago. The single-wingback style of offense, the double-wingback system, misdirection plays, the screen pass, the rolling block, the naked reverse, hidden-ball plays, series plays, the unbalanced line and backfield, all came out of his energetic brain.

At the turn of the century when football was a wild, brutal, push-pull-maul-and-batter sport, old Pop combined power with deception and emphasized speed. This was his heritage to football. Five decades later it is still the way the game is played. No one may judge the full degree of personal and moral influence Pop Warner had upon the game that was his life. As far back as 1908 he was giving courses in football by mail and his sound teachings reached deep along the R.F.D. routes throughout the country where the game was being played by ear.

What did Pop Warner teach? After playing for him for three years at Stanford, including two Rose Bowl games, I believe that may be summed up in a few sentences. "... You cannot play two kinds of football at once, dirty and good. . . . There is no system of play that substitutes for knocking an opponent down. When you hit, hit hard. . . . You play the way you practice. Practice the right way and you will react the right way in a game. . . ."

Simple bromidic things, yet they add up to a way of life as well as a successful way to play football. This he gave his players and those he taught. This they pass on to others. This, I believe, is Pop Warner's greatest accomplishment, greater than all the games he won through the years. He coached you, as well as football.

ra. As for me, I suddenly realized something I had only dimly sensed before: As an amateur you're only yourself to answer to if you lose (harring Davis and Wightman Cup competition), but as a pro you are not only part of a group whose livelihood depends on you, but accountable to a public which expects to see the best tennis you can play . . . and it better be good!

After the second match, which was played in Washington, D.C., I found a grim, uncomfortable group assembled in the dressing room. Pauline had beaten me 6-1, 6-3. Riggs explained that it would be very bad for everyone if the matches were as one-sided—that the gate would suffer. Nobody disagreed with that and everyone looked hopefully at Miss Moran. I said in a very small voice that I would try to do better and would hope that Pauline would have an off night once in a while. Pauline was sympathetic, but she is a great competitor and I knew she wouldn't have any off nights just for my benefit. Bobby knew it too. All he could do was hope that as the tour progressed my game would pick up.

Traveling troupes of players, whether in sports or other fields of entertainment, all have certain things in common: the common cold, catching up with the laundry, transportation troubles, minor feuds, travel fatigue and whether or not the show is drawing. The morale of the group varies with each performance and the box-office attendance seems to be the barometer. You can't always manage to look well, feel well and play well, but if you draw well, all's well.

The face-saving bromide on a failing jacket is always that the next town will be better. The manager or promoter, in our case Bobby Riggs, has to try to keep the group morale high, book the matches and attend to the finances, see that everybody is present and accounted for, arrange the transportation and accommodations, and various other tasks and details. It's a hard job and as I look back I think Riggs did very well considering the difficulties we ran into.

MORE BUT NOT RICHER

Let it suffice to say that if all tennis tours were as popular as ours there wouldn't be any more. Even though my game picked up in spots I was no match for Pauline. The crowds were small for the most part, the publicity poor, and my confidence remained at sub-zero for almost a hundred nervous-shaky matches. When the tour finally drew to a halting end in Birmingham,



WILL TRAVEL

Now out of tennis, Gussie definitely regrets her makeup beside the exhibition ladder of an airplane, signifying her willingness to go anywhere to get into a tournament. Following open courtship (sponsored), she may never make the trip.

Aia. I flew home to California sadder, wiser and not much closer yet.

I rented up a bit and then I was ready to play tennis again. And here's where the sad truth about professional lady tennis players unfolds. There wasn't anyone or any place to play—competitively, that is. Actually, professional tennis has no accommodations for women. There aren't any women's professional championships or tournaments. Great women champions like Sarah Palfrey, Alice Marble, Mary Hardwick and Pauline Betz, who turned professional to go on tours, never had the opportunity to compete in national or international competition. In fact, the theme song of all girl pros could be, "Just One More Tour. . . ." After the initial venture, when they make their professional debut, they automatically become "great women tennis players of the past."

If someone managed to convince a girl that money isn't everything she would find a great many things in favor of remaining an amateur and very little in favor of turning pro. I gave

this some brooding thought after the tour had been over some time and nothing materialized in the way of furthering my tennis career. Still, I thought: "I can always get my amateur standing back."

So I wrote a letter to Mr. Harold Lehair, chairman of the U.S.L.T.A. Amateur Rules Committee, asking him what my chances of reinstatement were. He wrote right back to tell me that the way things stood it didn't seem likely that the U.S.L.T.A. would be in favor of reinstating any more touring professionals. However, enclosed in his reply was an application blank for reinstatement.

Mr. Lehair cautioned me in closing that it would, under the most favorable circumstances, be some time before my application could be considered. This gave me visions of clicking my heels in resentment over becoming an amateur again while my grandchildren held my case. But even these visions faded when the U.S.L.T.A. shortly thereafter passed a unanimous decision barring reinstatement to any professional who had competed on a professional tour.

OPEN THE DOOR

I don't think I'm the only "woman tennis player of the past" (okay, so I didn't say great) who is unhappy about this. I suspect Sarah Palfrey and Pauline and others would like to play some more competitive tennis, and I'll bet they'll agree with me that a National Open Tournament is the nearest thing to an answer. I'd like to see one even if I didn't play in it.

It would certainly give tennis a shot in the arm if the amateurs and the pros could compete in open competitions run along the same lines that golf is run. The stigma of being a professional is just a little less in view of the well-known "semiprofessionalism" that undeniably exists throughout world tennis circles in the amateur ranks. The amateur players who draw well are bid for by sponsors of tournaments who want them, and travel the world on padded expense accounts. As a friend of mine once said, "The only difference between an amateur and a pro is that a pro doesn't have to march behind his back for his pay check."

But in view of my own experience my advice to any girl considering prodom, is, "Don't do it unless you're ready to quit tennis." As for myself . . . my status has to remain pro . . . or quit; "Girl tennis player without portfolio. Willing to travel. Experience." If you hear of anything . . .

BETWEEN THE LINES

Sir:

Congratulations to a splendid magazine. For a sports-minded family, it's terrific! I read the Knox story out loud to my sons, and I know they read between the lines, I fervently pray!

It was exceedingly provocative, and if Pappy wasn't the son of a minister, and a gentleman first, before coach, one Mr. Knox would be a shining star that he never even had a chance to flash his side of the story. We like our football in the Big Ten, too, and Cal hasn't done so badly since Pappy went West.

Either our hero, Mr. Knox, should start his own coaching school or set up a community football game to display the talent and prowess of his Rams. Forget about the other ten on the team, and focus on the bench tensely waiting for their moment. Coaches would be extra baggage, as they might accidentally catch opportunism along with the game!

Now, I've heard many stories of soccer breaks and blunder plays, but such is this stumbling world. I recall a guy who went to my university, the most highly rated high-school boy in the state of Illinois. That he was, and it hurt because mysteriously that greater college glory was always elusive. Let's hope he carries no grudge. Another guy, vividly in my mind, is Otto Graham. N.E. was taking a terrible shellacking at the hands of Michigan, but after the game his name was uppermost on everyone's lips at Ann Arbor, in spite of losing. He's done right well in pro football, and I suspect will adjust to ordinary living when the football days are over, and not bowed down by any chip on his shoulder.

There are times when all parents are merely tempted to coach and quarterback and feel their kids are not getting the breaks. However, let's keep it a kid game for the kids! And any smart coach will accept majority opinion of a team to try and win. My boy is playing the game with a team, with coaches, and when the chips are down, no gaming of the book allowed. I hope that kid becomes a man!

RICHARD LANGFORD

Arlington Heights, Ill.

THE MEN AND THE BOYS

Sir:

... When they start separating the men from the boys, Ronnie and his Dad are just kids.

FRANK TWIGGS

Parsippany, Pa.

THE MODERATE APPROACH

Sir:

Harvey Knox's article is an attempted rationale for his controversial actions. His defense leaves me unconvinced. At best, one can only partially sympathize with his case against Pappy Waldorf and the University of California. With such a high-school record, Ronnie Knox must surely be loaded with football talent—something the old man did not prove in himself. It is indeed unfortunate if the Cal coaching staff refused to father Knox's enthusiastic efforts with undivided attention and no opportunity for Ronnie to show his ability

in process. However some aspects of Harvey Knox's general attitude remain very disturbing.

One must admire Knox for a deep interest in his stepchildren's talents and their development for the future; many parents, devoid of such interest, fail to cultivate and encourage the talents of their children. Here may be a partial explanation for the wave of juvenile delinquency. Nevertheless, Knox's enthusiasm in his children is excessive. In watching them he has become over-protective and irrational. Ronnie and Patricia Knox could legitimately resent their father's undue influence upon their lives.

Knox seems unable to place athletics in their proper perspective. This was exemplified by the continuous household moves during Ronnie's three years in senior high school. The term, "Migratory Knoxes," does not seem entirely unjustified. The sale and admitted basis for such maneuvering was the football situation at each of the schools. Athletics have assumed an important place in our modern educational system, but they hardly represent adequate reasons for shifting from one Los Angeles suburb to another. Settling in a new environment is a great challenge to any person; for Ronnie the problem must have been reinforced by infrequent occurrence. These incredible moves and their accompanying hardships are readily admitted by Knox; thus he indicates that he does not perceive this overemphasis on athletics.

Knox complains bitterly about the "Cartesian Gates," i.e., alumni proscriptives. Yet his attitude toward college athletics is but one step higher. His approach is better only because he is realistic and candid. When you take Harvey Knox or the "Cartesian Gates," you still are left with college athletics professional style. Knox only eliminates the hedging and covering-up in a modern proscription program.

I am apprehensive to label his methods either clearly unethical or free from such a taint. But at least they hover on the border between the two extremes. Knox's handling of his daughter's movie contract smacked of poor taste (e.g., hiring a school cop to guard the auditorium door against alumni scouts who hadn't yet come, though he told the school board they were powering her). Ronnie was shuffled around from high school to high school and now from college to college, like an ancient slave being sold on the trading block to the highest bidder. Ronnie may have participated in these decisions to some degree, but the dominance of his father is obvious. Unable to forget his own past, Harvey Knox has resolved that his children must not fall prey to such takes and Indian givers. To this admirable goal, Knox has cynically and irrationally devoted his efforts. At times, his actions tend to resemble those he so bitterly opposes.

This letter is neither a plea for the abolition of modern college athletics nor a demand for absolute independence for children. I only insist that our approach must be moderate, realistic and feasible; we need neither the excessive proscriptionism of too many collegiate athletic programs

nor the uncompromising absolutism of other schools; parents need not be over-cautious in looking out for their children or negligent as have been the mothers and fathers of so many delinquents. In avoiding one extreme let us not achieve the other.

JOHN FERRARI,
Student

Salt Lake City, Utah

ELEVENTH MAN

Sir:

... Waldorf's "eleventh man" last year was Paul Larsen, and he surely led the nation in total offense ... Larsen, a junior last year, will play again this season.

It occurs to this naive reader that these facts might have had something to do with the quitting of quarterback candidate Knox. It would seem quite in character for his father to prefer him to be formidable for a year than second string, even temporarily.

M. A. CLARK

Los Angeles



QUARTERBACK LARSEN

NEW PROS

Sir:

Another new pro football team is advisable. The "Los Angeles Knoxes," with Jim Sutherland at center.

JOHN HORTON

Tehachapi, Calif.

THE IMPOTENCY OF EDUCATORS

Sir:

... The article itself is a fitting commentary to the very end situation which has developed in intercollegiate athletics. I feel a little sorry for the Dad ... I feel a bit more sorry for the various coaches who had to put up with a meddling fool whose "touch" is that of a scorpion. I feel still sorer for the faculty of the University of California, including those members of the Department of Physical Education whose hard work and fair names are besmirched and knocked by the baroque which evidently goes on each year. But I feel most

sorry for young Ransie, who thinks that the world owes him a living because he can throw a football with pinpoint accuracy.

Every young person with ability, need, and the desire to learn should have a chance for a scholarship or bursary to get through college. Many educators and administrators are honestly working to make this dream a reality. By interfering with his son in an effort to "help" him, Harvey Knox is doing tremendous damage to someone pitiable. He is "stealing" it from that talented son by getting the "steering." What a sad world and what messes our educators allow ourselves to get in because of our dependence.^{***}

Your new magazine is unique! Its own points out clearly how important sport is to us from a recreational and physical education standpoint... Keep up the quality of your effort, realizing the tremendous educational implications which it carries!

ERNEST F. BERGLER, Ph.D.
Professor and Head Wrestling Coach
University of Western Ontario
London, Canada

"I AM PRAYING"

At this very moment I am praying that Mr. Knox is given vision to see—before it is too late—that that which he sees as a game for "helping his children" is in reality a means of releasing his own frustrations of life...

FRANK KURTZ
Knox, Ohio

MAKE GOOD ON THEIR OWN

I think your magazine is just great. I am a mother and housewife and I enjoy reading it very very much. Thanks for giving it to us.

Your article, "Why Ransie Knox Quit California," was interesting and especially well written. However, with great respect for Harvey Knox's concern for the success and well-being of his stepchildren, one can't help but feel sorry for the youngsters. Normal kids do not want their parents disciplining them. They like to make good on their own. It will be interesting to follow their careers—as they are really on the spot now.

J. H.
South Pasadena, Calif.

THREE THINGS

I read Harry Knox's *spread of Newell* with interest, especially between the lines... I am fully convinced of two things:

1. Poor Harvey is suffering from a terrible juvenile persecution complex and refuses to face the reality that Ransie is a man and somebody is going to have the problem of facing life without his sympathetic father something over every ruffie for him.

2. Vic Schmidt, Pacific Coast Committee member, had better tell up his sleeve and really investigate this "under the table" proposition that eventually certain influential alumni of our state schools are using to build up their athletic restora-

ROBERT R. LA BAROLA, D.D.S.
Los Angeles



BIRDSEYE VIEW

I noted with interest the article, "What You Should Know About Bird Watching," in *Sunday*, August 28. The Federation of New York State Bird Clubs rose in

Ithaca, N.Y. for their seventh annual meeting. It's exclusive (and therefore scarce) of bird watchers' taken as they posed for friends on the ground.

DAVID G. ALLEN
Ithaca, N.Y.

MYSTERY CLEARED

The third issue of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* brought me... the "Truth About Spinning" (SI, Aug. 28). Objective, well-balanced repitance on what is, anyhow, had been a subject shrouded in the mysterious and arbitrary dicta of the "professional" 4-brother.

Just before leaving for a weekend by the numbers ("Gee God, I parked up my old ball-mowing gear as well as the new spinning outfit I had planned to rely on exclusively).

ARMAND DE HIBERN
Cambridge, Mass.

WHAT KIND OF MAYHEM?

So Dick Hyland is Column of the Week (SI, Aug. 28) wonders what kind of mayhem is taking place on the professional gridiron, does he? Well, he has either mellowed somewhat or has a short memory, as it is no less long ago when he was well as puzzled by the same line of the college gridiron.

I recall a game between St. Mary's College and Stanford... when Dick was a coaching halfback for Stanford, and a considerable amount of mayhem took place that afternoon in Stanford Stadium... A St. Mary's quarterback named Gorman... Spad Harder suffered two broken jawbones. Numerous minor injuries were received by other players, and they didn't wear "masks" on their heads in those days.

R. F. MEYER
New York

OLD WELL/WEIL

We are dubious of securing information about a business baseball character of the late-thirties... a "Joe" knock to all as "Well, Well Frank." He inspired a story by Kane Grey, entitled "Old Well-Well" (included in *The Redheaded Outfield* and *Other Baseball Stories*, published by Gros-

set & Dunlap). We are eager to learn his full name and would welcome any and all available facts about him.

I am writing to you in the hope that some of your readers may be able to supply this data.

GEORGE M. MAYER
Curator of Prints
Museum of the City of New York
New York

GENTLEMANLY BUSINESSMEN

I read your article on today's baseball players being "dimes" (SI, Sept. 6). I think some of these oddities are all wet. Mr. Clarke says there is none like Hans Wagner, but Stan Musial plays the outfield, not being an accomplished... (the answer, and he is pretty good, too, Jackie Robinson is another. He has played every infield position and outfield, he loved the league in hitting and stolen bases).

Why should a team today play with 12 players when they can get 25 major leaguers? Why have four good pitchers when you can have 10? Why should a pitcher pitch every day and double-header when there is someone else on the team just as good willing to take his turn?...

How many oddities made as many comebacks as Ted Williams?... Al Rosen played almost two weeks with a broken leg! He's a "dime" (he's played with an almost dead left hand).

Today's ballplayers are well educated, gentlemanly businessmen as well as superbly conditioned athletes. They don't have to hate the other team to go all out to win.

LARRY ALL SAUNDERS
New Orleans

SCHARY'S SHINING FILES

Over the years, first as a pro athlete and then as a sports writer, I have noted the successful business and professional man's envy of ballplayers, gamblers, football players and tennis stars.

A case in point is Dave Schary, who

would rather play third base for the Yanks than be known as the head of the world's largest motion picture studio.

So I was not surprised when this No. 1 Yankee fan came up with the enclosed verse . . .

GEORGE NICHOLS

Culver City, Calif.



SONNET AND PRICE MEMO:

YANKIES ARE MY TEAM by DORE SCHART

My team is the Yankees—
I've owned them since 1919 when I
first saw them play—
And I've owned them since—
And they're not for sale—
The price is too high—
Who can pay for the day Ruth hit number
sixty—

Or the day Lou Gehrig said goodbye—
Or the day Hearsh hit THAT homer?
And the day DiMaggio destroyed Boston—
What's the price tag on memories that
include Jumping Joe
or "Pooch-on-up Tony."

Or Joe Page, Bill Dickey and Scooter
Wenno

Earl Combs, Bob Meusel and Lefty
Gomez—

Who wants to sell White Hopt, Herb
Pennock

and Charlie Buffing—

Would you sell a Mickey Mantle prize in
his youth—

Or a Billy Martin powdered with kila in
his springtime years—

Do you cut loose Miller Huggins

Or Casey Stengel

Or Joe McCarthy?

And further—I've got a lot, invented I
can never get back—

The winningest out of a long winning streak
And the awful agony of a long losing spell—

How about when Yogi almost lost
that no-bitter for Reynolds—

Or when he saved it on the next pitch—
How about those two last games

in Boston in '49?

Who pays for those heartbeats?

No—I've got a fortune in those felas—

And I've made a fortune from them—a
fortune in memories—

All washed away in shining files of
thrills, affection
and inspiration.

The Yanks are my team.

They're not for sale.

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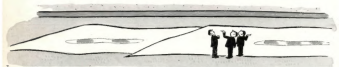
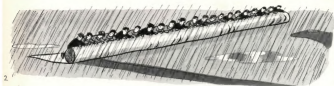
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